

THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1013.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1836.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 1s.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Paley's Natural Theology: with Illustrative Notes, by Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., &c., and Sir Charles Bell, K.G.H., F.R.S., &c.: to which are added, Supplementary Dissertations, by Sir Charles Bell. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1836. Knight.

It is with feelings of the most cordial satisfaction that we hail the appearance of the present edition of Archdeacon Paley's admirable work. The capacious mind of Lord Brougham, and the profound scientific attainments of Sir Charles Bell, have contributed very numerous, interesting, and instructive illustrations, rendering it still more attractive than ever, and putting it upon a fair level, at least, with every other modern work of the same description. Still, to us, excellent as they may be, there seems to be always something wanting: the arguments do not seem to be pushed as far as they legitimately may; there is somewhat of timidity which the sublime and overwhelming nature of the subject must necessarily excite in every mind that addresses itself to the contest. This is owing to the imperfection of our intellect, which is unable fully to grasp the subject, than which there can surely be none nobler, nor more worthy to have the whole energies of mind devoted to it. There appears to be, and we rejoice that it should be so, an awakening of the public: mere scientific inquiries are not satisfactory, however interesting, so long as they are not applied, and we feel an inward craving for something more. We are not, as it were, permitted to stop there, we have an impulse forward, to quote the words of the immortal Goethe,—

"Spirit sublime! all, all hast thou bestowed
I'er have asked for, nor in vain hast thou
Thy countenance in fire upon me turned.
Thou gavest this noble nature for my birthright,
With power to feel and to enjoy her: nor
Allowest thou a cold and wondering glance,
But grantest me to search in her deep breast,
As I would search the bosom of a friend:
Thou leadest past me the long line of life,
And living beings; and hast taught me, too,
To view my brethren in the stilly grove,
The sky, the wave," &c.—*Faust*.

We shall now proceed to present our readers with some extracts from the notes and dissertations of the illustrious editors; the text itself being too familiar to require any specimen to be exhibited, except as connected with the notes.

"In crossing a heath, suppose I pitched my foot against a stone, and were asked how the stone came to be there, I might possibly answer, that, for any thing I knew to the contrary, it had lain there for ever; nor would it, perhaps, be very easy to shew the absurdity of this answer."

"The argument is here put very naturally. But a considerable change has taken place of late years in the knowledge attained even by common readers; and there are few who would be without reflection, 'how the stone came to be there.' The changes which the earth's surface has undergone, and the preparation for its present condition, have become a subject of high interest; and there is hardly any one who now would, for an instant, believe that the stone was formed where it lay. On lifting it, he would find it rounded like gravel in a river: he would see that its apertures had been worn off, by being rolled from a distance in water; he would, perhaps, break it, look to its fracture, and survey the surrounding heights, to discover whence it had been broken off, or from what remote region it had been swept hither: he would con-

Adaptation of Animals to the alternation of Seasons.—"Nothing is more true than that the strength of the bones and the power of the muscles stand in intimate relation with the weight of the body,—that is, also, in relation with the attraction of the globe itself. It is no less certain, that many of the living properties of animals, the condition of the nervous system, and the alternation of exertion and repose in the muscular system, are related to the change of day and night, or to the revolving of our planet upon its axis. In man we may see a slight deviation in his habits and occupations from this correspondence with the succession of light and darkness; yet he enjoys a return of energy and elasticity of spirits, which is followed by weariness and exhaustion; and health will not long continue without yielding to the alternate condition of activity and repose. In nothing do we see the benevolence of the Creator more than in the continued gratification consequent on this arrangement alone, and more especially in the brutes. It is not a mere effect of light and the freshness of the morning which produce the almost universal animation and activity of that time of day; for to many animals the light of day is the signal to seek repose: and that it is not the mere necessity which brings animals abroad at night, in order to feed secluded, or escape their enemies, we know from this, that their organs are adapted to the obscurer light; and not their organs only, but their propensities,—for they are as full of activity and enjoyment as the things of day. The history of pulmonary and other complaints indicates a curious connexion between the functions of the body and the revolution of time or alternations of day and night. But the most remarkable accommodation of the economy of animals, and of the property of life itself in them, regards the changes of the year rather than the diurnal change. How much this prevails in the vegetable world we have only to look around us fully to comprehend. With the diminution of heat vegetation is nipped, the ova of insects locked up, and the food of many animals withdrawn. Some animals could not be protected by an instinct of migration, being without the means of passage: the bat could not fly away with the swallow, nor the hedgehog and dormouse travel with the deer. To sustain the animal heat against the low temperature of the surrounding atmosphere requires a vigorous circulation of the blood, and a plentiful and uninterrupted supply of food. Many animals must, therefore, have died during the winter, had not nature sup-

plied a means of their continuance in life beyond the ingenuity of man to conceive. The warmth of their clothing, and the instincts to build themselves a warm habitation, which we should almost say were the exercise of ingenuity, are insufficient. To sustain life they must hold it by a new tenure. Accordingly, the necessity for food is removed; the activity of the circulation is diminished remarkably; a torpor seizes upon every living faculty, and they fall into what seems a long sleep. Yet it is not sleep, but a new condition of existence, in which life is preserved without the necessity for food, and when all the functions of the system are let down to a lower state of activity. And justly, therefore, it has been said that in these things we trace the benevolence of the Creator, 'who did not cast his living creatures into the world to prosper or perish as they might find it suited to them or not, but fitted together with the nicest skill the world and the constitution which he gave to its inhabitants; so fashioning it, that light and darkness, sun and air, moist and dry, should become their ministers and benefactors, the unwearied and unfailing causes of their well-being.'—*Whewell's Bridgegewater Treatise*.

Organs of Hearing in Insects.—"The most scientific entomologists consider the antennæ of insects to be organs of hearing. This is the opinion of those who have minutely examined their structure; whereas, very many entomologists contend that the antennæ are organs of feeling, observing that many insects are constantly touching surrounding objects with them, such as the bee tribe, *Ichneumonidae*, &c. The argument used against the latter opinion is, that although many insects do undoubtedly touch surrounding objects with their antennæ, yet many scrupulously avoid so doing, such as the butterfly and moth tribe, the *Lamellicorn* beetles, &c. When, however, we are asked the question, what is hearing as distinguished from feeling, we find it difficult to draw any line. Are they not mere modifications of the same thing? and as the antennæ of insects are so exceedingly variable in form, may they not be used as organs of touch in some, and of hearing in others?"

The following is a curious account of microscopic motion:

"We have noted the judicious course pursued by Dr. Paley, in preferring the proofs of design drawn from the structures of our bodies, which secure our existence or minister to our comforts or enjoyments; for in these there may well be perceived the object of the provisions, and the mode by which they are attained; and this supports us in a due estimate of ourselves,—seeing that there is so much care of us, and that our bodily and intellectual endowments have so many relations to the system of nature. By the aid of the telescope and microscope we are equally carried, as it were, out of ourselves, to view nature foreign to us. If, it has been justly observed, in contemplating the heavens with minds ill confirmed as to the intentions of Providence towards us, the study is far from being consolatory, the same may be said of the microscopic world. The discovery of the universal prevalence of life, of animals within

animals, of the inhabitants of a drop of fluid as difficult to enumerate or arrange as those of the ocean, gives rise to thoughts which do not flatter our self-importance more than the contemplation of the magnitude of the heavenly bodies, and the extent of space through which they range. It will, therefore, be tending to the object of this volume to shew that with the microscope,—that is, by observing the atoms of our frame which are invisible to the naked eye, we discover motions and actions, both of inorganic and animated particles, which tend to the preservation of life, and to the performance of the offices in the animal economy, fully as remarkable as the contractions of the heart, or the play of the lungs. It will be necessary to the correct estimate of the facts which we have to mention, that we advert to a curious discovery of Mr. Brown, relative to the motions of inorganic molecules. This gentlemen's celebrity is of a kind which may not readily be comprehended by some readers; for his retired and philosophical habits cause him to occupy a small space in society at home, in comparison with that reputation which extends wherever science is cultivated. He was directed to this subject by a motion visible in the pollen of plants, when under his microscope, which led him to further investigations; and he found that when inorganic, as well as organic bodies, were minutely divided, and floated in a drop of water, active motions were seen in the molecules. The motions of these particles are different from those of animated matter. The molecules are spherical, and between 1-20,000th and 1-30,000th of an inch in diameter. I have myself seen these, and nothing can be more surprising than their evolutions, like figures in a dance, apparently produced by the attraction and repulsion of the particles themselves. It might be supposed, that the rapid evaporation from the surface of the drop would produce eddies within it, and that these molecules were carried by the circulation of the fluid; but the ingenious mode by which Mr. Brown prevented the evaporation of the watery particle, by surrounding it with oil, whilst the motions of the molecules continued, refutes this hypothesis, and inclines us the more to rejoice that the curious phenomenon was discovered, not accidentally, but by a philosopher. Indeed, while looking upon these molecules, we are surprised by bodies, obviously animalcules, jostling them, and darting across the field of the microscope; and the natural reflection is how much more minute must the constituent parts, or molecules, of these animalcules be! Their motions are not fortuitous, or owing to any polarisation or influence external to them, as galvanism or magnetism: they have instincts and appetites, and are susceptible of excitement: their bodies are nourished by digestion, or imbibition: they have circulation, though it may be with a different apparatus from that of larger animals: their circulating fluids, their containing vessels, their apparatus for motion, imply that the ultimate molecules of their composition must be infinitely small, even in comparison with the minute particles which we are contemplating: and this we state, to do away with those speculations which men are prone to indulge in, when they suppose that they have at last attained a sight, in these active molecules, of the ultimate particles which constitute the frame-work of animals.

We must conclude our extracts with the following observations on life:—

"The progress of science in the present day, although it does not bring us nearer to the comprehension of the nature of life, yet fur-

nishes us with such analogies as enable us more easily to comprehend how this principle may be combined with the material of an animal body, and yet be perfectly distinct from it. The discoveries which have led to the atomic theory, and to that of the molecules of bodies being under a polaric influence, leave us with the impression that the minute particles of common matter (in contradistinction to living matter) are under an influence which may be bestowed or withdrawn: that as the index of the compass points to the north by no property of the metal itself, but through an influence given to it and existing around it, so do the most minute particles of bodies arrange themselves by some such superadded influence, and partake of polarisation. If, then, according to the prevailing opinion of philosophers, every thing we touch, or see, or taste—all matter, in short, exhibits qualities arising from the arrangement of particles infinitely minute, and that arrangement resulting from an influence exterior to them, or superadded to them, does it not facilitate our conception of a power or property bestowed on what is termed living matter and yet essentially distinct? The difference between dead and living matter will then appear to be, that in the one instance the particles are permanently arranged and continue to exhibit their proper character, as we term it, until by ingenuity and practice some means are found to withdraw the arranging or uniting influence; and then the matter is chemically dissolved, resolves into its elements, and forms new combinations: whilst the life continues, not simply to arrange the particles, and to give them the order or organisation of the animal body, but to whirl them in a series of revolutions, during all which the material is passive, the law being in the life. The order and succession of these changes and their duration do not result from the material of the frame, which is the same in all animals, but from that influence which we term life, and which is superadded to the material."

PHRENOLOGY.

1. *Thoughts on Phrenology, &c.* By J. C. James. Pp. 58. London: E. Wilson.

2. *Testimonials on behalf of George Combe, as a Candidate for the Chair of Logic in the University of Edinburgh.* Pp. 52. Edinburgh: J. Anderson. London: Longman and Co.; Simpkin and Marshall.

WE venture to preface this notice with a letter which we have had the pleasure and honour to receive from the highly gifted individual whose testimonials are contained in the latter publication.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

"Edinburgh, the 24th of May, 1836.
"Sir,—In your Number 'One Thousand' you say, that 'We could, were we vain enough to wish it, make a list of these (the authors whose first works we encouraged by our praise), with our comments on their upspringing from the shades of obscurity, which would be a remarkable document.' On the contrary, we could oppose it by another list of those it has been our painful duty to censure and condemn, often when upheld by the most influential of our contemporaries; and we would put the challenge, Where are they now? Where honest, just, impartial, and fearless criticism, set them at once; and whence no favour or delusion can ever raise them more, even for a moment."

"Allow me to mention, that I have the honour to belong to the class of authors whom you have 'fearlessly' condemned, ridiculed, and abused, from my first publication in 1819 to the last; but you will judge, by the testimonials which I herewith send you, whether your criticism was as 'honest, just, and impartial,' as it was fearless, and whether I am where 'you set me'—in the shades of oblivion."

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,"

"GEO. COMBE."

As our organs never had the good or ill fortune to be manipulated by Mr. Combe, he may

hardly believe us when we assure him that our "Benevolence" is so prodigiously developed, that we heartily rejoice in his being, or fancying himself, an exception to our boast. Still, as he is a candidate for the Professorship of Logic, he ought to be aware that there is small logic and less reason in his fling at the *Literary Gazette*. In the first place, we never thought or said of Mr. Combe that he was either an obscure, or, professionally, an inferior person: on the contrary, we always entertained a high opinion of his general talents, and only regretted his devotion of them to the chase of a Will o' the wisp—which pursuit, by the way, however boggy, floundering, or ridiculous, was far too notorious to admit of obscurity. In the second place, we were not mad nor vain enough to suppose that our long course of A THOUSAND SHEETS (in which very many volumes of original writing appeared, and many thousand opinions were given on the spur of the occasion) could be free from some mistakes, and not liable to some objections. All that we contended and do contend for is, that our general principle has been so pure, impartial, and uncompromising, that of these thousands of opinions of men, of books, of works of art, and of all the subjects embraced by our plan, only a very limited and unimportant number have failed to be borne out, by success or failure, so as to establish the character of this Journal on the highest ground of honest and enlightened criticism.

Turning, however, from persons, and from Mr. Combe to his favourite hobby—for why should we ply our sculls against each other, like watermen in a boat-race—we will offer a few remarks on his pamphlet. In his address to the lord provost, he claims the office to which he aspires on the ground of having been "for seventeen years the public advocate of the new philosophy of mind, founded on the functions of the brain;" which he declares to be "the only true science of mind," "destined, like all other truths, ultimately to triumph."

"Edinburgh," he continues, "has long been celebrated as a seat of mental philosophy; and if she shall be the first to honour the new science with an academic chair, she may hereafter boast of the enlightened sagacity which enabled her civic magistrates to anticipate the verdict of posterity, and to benefit her sons by communicating to them the great truths which are destined to occupy so large a share of the attention, and to influence so powerfully the opinions and institutions of the next generation."

In writing thus, I may perhaps appear to your lordship to be led away by a warm imagination, and I shall, therefore, consider it necessary to trouble you with such evidence, in the form of testimonials, as may warrant your lordship and the council in giving effect to this application, without incurring the charge of rash and inconsiderate preference of novelty in the discharge of your present important duty."

From these passages we gather, that it is not so much a chair of Logic as a chair of Phrenology which Mr. Combe seeks to fill, though the title of Professor of Logic is not to be dismissed with the disgrace it deserves. The paltry ignorance of the science, as it existed when it exercised the intellects of such people as Locke, and Reid, and Paley, and Dugald Stewart,

* Mr. Robert Chambers, the well-known editor of a popular Edinburgh periodical, and one of Mr. Combe's host of witnesses in his *Testimonials*, declares Phrenology to be "a system calculated to throw the united labours of Aristotle, Locke, Reid, and Stewart, into the shade;" and C. Maclearen, another Edinburgh editor, states "the object of Logic to be to explain the structure of the human mind," and, consequently, Phrenology "the best foundation for a system of Logic." Q. E. D.—Ed. L. G.

must, it is true, yield to the New Light kept up by "a warm imagination;" and poor Logic, which has flourished since the days of Aristotle, give up the ghost in the university of metaphysic-loving Edinburgh, leaving the world and Phrenology for Mr. Combe to bustle in. By this new process of laying on of hands, it will henceforward (should the candidate succeed) be shewn of *scullography*, that "the moralist, the physician, the legislator, and the teacher, are able to draw from it lights to guide them in their practical duties; while, to the student who boasts of a penetrating and adventurous intellect, it affords scope for indulging in the most recondite researches and refined analysis." The latter will all become Sir John Ross-es,* choose honest servants, select the best wet-nurses, save children from the gallows, reconcile pugnacious husbands and wives, and do all such extraordinary things, from pole to pole, by the mere aid of bumpology-keeping.

There is one point in Mr. Combe's address to the lord-provost, magistrates, and council of the canny town, upon which we cannot help animadverting, as a gross oversight and want of "cautionness" on his part, in a business of this sort. He says, "I beg also to mention, with the utmost respect, that it is not my intention to trouble you with a personal canvass;" but "if any of you desire to converse with me, for the sake of obtaining additional information, I shall feel a pleasure in waiting on you." Now, in our humble judgment, holding the science of Phrenology in the veneration it is held by Mr. Combe, we would in this case have pursued quite a different course. We would have waited on the provost, bailies, &c., in the first instance, and have prevailed on them to submit their *caputs* to our inspection. When they had undergone the needful process, we should have framed a kind of tabular view, and thence come to an infallible conclusion whether we should be elected or not. It would have been somewhat thus:—

	For.	Against.
Lord Provost.—Adhesiveness, very strong; constructiveness, strong; hope, strong; eventuality, moderate; causality, very strong...	1	0
Bailies, A, B, C, D, and E.—Concentrativeness, strong; love of approbation, moderate; benevolence, moderate; number, very strong; causality, strong...	5	0
Bailies, F, G, and H.—Imitation, strong; eventuality, strong; weight, considerable...	3	0
Bailie, I.—Self-esteem, immoderate; comparison, strong...		Doubtful.
Bailies, K, L, and M.—Destructiveness, moderate; cautiousness, strong; conscientiousness, strong; order, strong...	0	3
Bailie, N.—Wonder, prodigious...		Doubtful.
Bailie, O.—Acquisitiveness, very strong...		Doubtful.
Bailies, P and Q.—Combativeness, very strong; ideality, strong; colouring, strong...		Doubtful.
Bailies, R, S, and T.—Veneration, strong; comparison, strong; firmness, strong; wonder, strong...	0	3
Bailies, U, and V.—Ideality, strong; wit, strong; locality, moderate...	0	2
Bailie, W.—Individuality, absorbing...		Doubtful.
Bailies, X, Y, and Z.—Form, large; self-esteem, large; number...	0	3

Councillors similarly Organ-ised, with "Weight," we may say, nearly balanced, would indicate to us that "Time" was not come for Phrenology to supersede Logic; we would shew our adversaries that we possessed "Language," and could apply it to their folly, and that "Tune" in them was little better than Discord.

With respect to the testimonials themselves, we shall merely observe that they are chiefly from noted believers in and advocates for phrenology; though some of them very shy, yet many from most respectable and eminent individuals.

* It appears to us to be a scandalous neglect in Mr. Combe not to have a testimonial from so exalted an authority, especially after Sir John's discourse at the Dublin meeting.

Quantum valeat; and, in reference to his own high personal qualifications, we sincerely congratulate Mr. Combe on their number and honourable evidence in his favour: but in regard to their propping up the doctrines he professes, carried in details to so ridiculous a pitch as to make comment or argument equally absurd, we would not, after what we have seen vouching for quack medicines, attach the value of a pinch of snuff to them all put together.

Nevertheless, the publication of this pamphlet is about the best puff (and they have had the advantage of many) which Phrenology, and Mr. Combe's writings thereon, ever enjoyed.

Of the first-mentioned work at the head of this notice, we need only say, that the author's imagination appears to be as warm as Mr. Combe's. He calls Phrenology "an unexampled engine of amelioration," and "a sparkling and unfathomable well, exceeding any which has been before prepared by human power, in the sustenance it brings to happiness, and to philosophy and virtue!" Fine words! What pity they have so little meaning, and could not butter parsnips!

Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt; with a Notice of his Life, by his Son; and Thoughts on his Genius and Writings, by E. L. Bulwer, Esq. M.P. and Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, M.P. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1836. Saunders and Otley.

DIFFERING with many of the opinions, inclined to draw very different conclusions from the same premises, yet we are ready to admit the mine of subtle investigation and of original thought in these volumes; but, for once, we will allow the task of criticism to be performed for us. Mr. Bulwer thus speaks of Hazlitt:—

"If I were asked his peculiar and predominant distinction, I should say that, above all things, he was a critic. He possessed the critical faculty in its noblest degree. He did not square and measure out his judgments by the peditories of dry and lifeless propositions—his taste was not the creature of schools and canons, it was begotten of Enthusiasm by Thought. He felt intensely; he imbued—he saturated himself with the genius he examined; it became a part of him, and he reproduced it in science. He took in pieces the work he surveyed, and reconstructed the fabric in order to shew the process by which it had been built. His criticisms are, therefore, eminently scientific; to use his own expression, his 'art lifts the veil from nature.' It was the wonderful subtlety with which he possessed himself of the intentions of the author, which enabled him not only to appreciate in his own person, but to make the world appreciate, the effects those intentions had produced. Thus, especially, in his 'Characters of Shakespeare's Plays,' he seizes at once upon the ruling principle of each, with an ease, a carelessness, a quiet and 'unstrained fidelity,' which proves how familiarly he had dwelt upon the secret he had mastered. He is, in these sketches, less eloquent and less refining than Schlegel; but it is because he has gazed away the first wonder that dazzles and inspires his rival. He has made himself household with Shakespeare; and his full and entire confidence, that he understands the mysteries of the host in whose dwelling-place he has tarried, gives his elucidations, short and sketch-like as they are, the almost unconscious simplicity of a man explaining the true motives of the friend he has known."

How cordially do we agree with the following!—

"I confess that I am particularly pleased with a certain discriminating tone of coldness with which Hazlitt speaks of several of the characters in the 'Merchant of Venice'; to me it is a proof that his sympathy with genius does not blind the natural delicacy and fineness of his taste. For my own part, I have always, from a boy, felt the moral sentiment somewhat invaded and jarred upon by the heartless treachery with which Jessica deserts her father—her utter forgetfulness of his solitude, his infirmities, his wrongs, his passions, and his age;—and scarcely less so, by the unconscious and complacent baseness of Lorenzo, pocketing the filial purloinings of the fair Jewess, who can still tarry from the arms of her lover, to gild herself with some more ducats.' These two characters would be more worthy of Dryden than of Shakespeare, if the great poet had not 'cloaked and jewelled their deformities' by so costly and profuse a poetry. Their language belies their souls."

The following, too, is touched with the nicest discrimination:—

"I confess, that in the collection of Essays called the 'Round Table,' it is with a certain uneasiness that I regard his imitation of the tone and style of the essayists of Queen Anne's day. His genius, to my taste, does not walk easily in ruffles and a bag-wig; the affectation has not that nameless and courtly polish which distinguished Addison, or even the more reckless vivacity of Steele. The last thing that Hazlitt really can be called is, 'the wit about town.' He is at home in the closet—in the fresh fields—in the studies—at the theatre; but he seems to me awkward when he would assume an intimacy with Belinda and Sir Plume. I am glad, therefore, when this affectation wears itself away, which it does, in a great part, after the preliminary essays. Nothing can be more delightful than the freshness of thought and feeling which appears in the ninth essay, on 'The Love of the Country.' It breathes of a man released from cities. I doubt, however, its philosophy, when it resolves the love of the country into association only. The air, the fragrance, and the silence of woods and fields, require no previous initiation, and would delight us, even if all our earliest and happiest associations were of Liqueur Street and Cheapside. Scattered throughout these essays is a wealth of thought and poetry, beside which half the contemporaries of their author seem as paupers. Hazlitt's remarkable faculty of saying brilliant things, in which the wit only ministers to the wisdom, is very conspicuous in all. His graver aphorisms are peculiar in this: they are for the most part philosophical distinctions. Nothing can be more striking or more in the spirit of true philosophy than this—'Principle is a passion for truth; an incorrigible attachment to a general proposition.' His views of literary men are almost invariably profound and searching. His refutation of Madame de Staël's commonplace definitions of Rousseau's genius are triumphant. But, as I have elsewhere said, he does not seem to me equally felicitous with respect to the characters of men of action. His observations on Burke and Pitt, for instance, are vehemently unjust. All his usual discrimination, his habit of weighing quality with quantity, and binding judgment with forbearance, which render him impartial and accurate as to poets, desert him the instant he comes to politicians. He has said somewhere that 'a good patriot must be a good hater.' That may be possible; but a good hater is a bad philosopher. I pass over his

beautiful and well-known criticisms on art, because they open so wide a field of dispute, as to render it impossible to finish the contests they provoke in the time to which I am limited. His perceptions are always keen and glowing; but I think he was scarcely so learned a critic of art as he was a subtle and a brilliant one. His work on 'Human Actions' is full of valuable hints and ingenious distinctions; but I imagine that he has not fully embodied his own conceptions; and it seems to me also that he has somewhat mistaken the systems of the Utilitarian or Helvetian Philosophy. It is often clear that his disputes with the masters of these schools are merely verbal; and I do not think it would be impossible to reconcile with the theories of his antagonists, the whole of his elaborate reasonings on the mysteries of 'sympathy.'

We must also add Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's "most shrewd and subtle searching" in the causes of Hazlitt's admiration of Napoleon:—

"But the most signal result which 'the shows of things' had over Mr. Hazlitt's mind, was his setting up the Emperor Napoleon as his idol. He strove to justify this predilection to himself by referring it to the revolutionary origin of his hero, and the contempt with which he trampled upon the claims of legitimacy, and humbled the pride of kings. But if his 'only love' thus sprung 'from his only hate,' it was not wholly cherished by antipathies. If there had been nothing in his mind which tended to aggrandisement and glory, and which would fain reconcile the principles of liberty with the lavish accumulation of power, he might have desired the triumph of young tyranny over legitimate thrones; but he would scarcely have watched its progress 'like a lover and a child.' His feeling for Buonaparte was not a sentiment of respect for fallen greatness; not a desire to trace 'the soul of goodness in things evil;' not a loathing of the treatment the emperor received from 'his cousin kings' in the day of adversity; but entire affection, mingling with the current of the blood, and pervading the moral and intellectual being. Nothing less than this strong attachment, at once personal and refined, would have enabled him to encounter the toil of collecting and arranging facts and dates for four volumes of narrative; a drudgery too abhorrent to his habits of mind as a thinker, to be sustained by any stimulus which the prospect of wealth or reputation could supply. It is not so much in the ingenious excuses which he discovers for the worst acts of his hero, even for the midnight execution of the Duke d'Enghien, and the invasion of Spain, that the stamp of personal devotion is obvious, as in the graphic force with which he has delineated the short-lived splendours of the imperial court, and 'the trivial fond records' he has gathered of every vestige of human feeling by which he could reconcile the emperor to his mind. The first two volumes of the 'Life of Napoleon,' although redeemed by scattered thoughts of true originality and depth, are often confused and spiritless; the characters of the principal revolutionists are drawn too much in the style of caricatures; but when the hero throws all his rivals into the distance, erects himself the individual enemy of England, consecrates his power by religious ceremonies, and defines it by the circle of a crown, the author's strength becomes concentrated; his narrative assumes an epic dignity and fervour, and glows with 'the long-resounding march and energy divine.' How happy and proud is he to picture the meeting of Napoleon with the pope, and the

grandeurs of the coronation! How he grows wanton in the celebrating the *fêtes* of the Tuileries, as 'presenting all the elegance of enchanted pageants,' and laments them as 'gone like a fairy revel!' How he 'lives along the line' of Austerlitz, and rejoices in its thunder, and hails its setting sun, and exults in the minutest details of the subsequent meeting of the conquered sovereigns with the conqueror! How he expatiates on the fatal marriage with 'the deadly Austrian' (as Mr. Cobbett justly called that most heartless of her sex), as though it were a chapter in romance, and added the grace of beauty to the imperial picture! How he kindles with martial ardour as he describes the preparations for the expedition against Russia; musters the myriads of barbarians with a show of dramatic justice; and fondly lingers among the brief triumphs of Moskwa on the verge of the terrible catastrophe! The narrative of that disastrous expedition is, indeed, written with a master's hand: we see the 'grand army' marching to its destruction through the immense perspective; the wild hordes flying before the terror of its 'coming'; the barbaric magnificence of Moscow towering in the far distance; and, when we gaze upon the sacrificial conflagration of the Kremlin, we feel that it is the funeral pile of the conqueror's glories. It is well for the readers of this splendid work, that there is more in it of the painter than of the metaphysician; that its style glows with the fervour of battle, or stiffens with the spoils of victory; yet we wonder that this monument to imperial grandeur should be raised from the dead level of jacobinism by an honest and profound thinker. The solution is, that, although he was this, he was also more—that, in opinion, he was devoted to the cause of the people; but that, in feeling, he required some individual object of worship: that he selected Napoleon as one in whose origin and career he might impersonate his principles and gratify his affections; and that he adhered to his own idea with heroic obstinacy, when the 'child and champion of the republic' openly sought to repress all feeling and thought, but such as he could cast in his own iron moulds, and scoffed at popular enthusiasm, even while it bore him to the accomplishment of his loftiest desires."

A biographical memoir is prefixed, and a clever, characteristic, and flattered portrait.

Schloss Hainfeld: or, A Winter in Lower Styria. By Captain Basil Hall, R.N. F.R.S. 12mo. pp. 348. Edinburgh, 1836. Cadell; London, Whittaker and Co.

A FAMILY picture, and a family party; wrought up with one of those touching romances which belong to real life, and to real life alone. While loitering in "pleasant Italie," Captain Hall received, and that by merest accident, a letter from an old Scotch lady, who had married the Count Purgstall, an Austrian nobleman. It contains an invitation to her castle, in Lower Styria. We give the letter itself:—

"I have this moment, my dear sir, received your letter, dated Albano, 21st April. I am now so unaccustomed to a pleasing sensation, that I tremble while I tell you, it will be doing me a very great favour indeed if Mrs. Hall and you will bestow a visit upon me. Your little darlings surely need repose. I beseech you to let them find a home for a few weeks in Hainfeld; the house is large; there are thirty-nine rooms on this floor all completely furnished, though in the mode of the last century; the air and water are good; the country is rich, well

cultivated, and varied enough to be pleasing. I dare not promise you amusements; I am a widowed woman cut off from the tree of life; but, if a cordial welcome can render solitude supportable, I am sure you will find it here. Hungary is only three hours distant from this—it is a country little known. You will be well received by my neighbours on the frontier, and find the people a race distinct from any in Europe. As to this road, I can assure you it is excellent—in every respect preferable to the one by Tyrol. The first English travellers by accident took the road by Tyrol; this made it the fashion, and ever since they have flown that way like a flock of birds. The Alps and lakes of Styria are fully as interesting as those in Tyrol, and as yet unknown to the English; and Gratz is not inferior to Innspruck. Besides, you can have an advantage in taking this road I am sure you will know to value—it is to be acquainted with the Archduke John, who lives in a quiet, simple style at his iron-works, and will receive you with pleasure. He is wonderfully well informed; has vast practical knowledge, and his manners are truly pleasing. As a man he has few equals—as a prince, he is a phenomenon. * * * I dare not speak of the home of my youth. Thirty-five years of absence have spunged me from the remembrance of those dearest to me; but if you graciously visit me, you will draw back the veil and give me a glimpse of things still, alas! too dear to me. If you will write me a note and let me know when I dare hope to see you, it will be a great pleasure to me. The governor of Milan, Count Hardegg, will please you much, and also our countryman, General Count Nugent, at Trieste. I fear to lose a post, and send you these hurried lines, praying you to believe me your truly obliged and, I trust soon to say, grateful friend, C. P. PURGSTALL."

We give the arrival. "We found our aged friend, as we had been told to expect, in a huge antiquated bed, with faded damask curtains, in a room feebly lighted, and furnished in the style of a hundred years ago. Her wasted form was supported by half-a-dozen pillows of different shapes and sizes, and every thing about her wore the appearance of weakness and pain. Every thing, I should say, except her voice, expression of countenance, and manners, in none of which could be traced any symptom of decay or weakness. Still less might any feebleness be detected in what she said, for nothing in the world could be more animated or more cordial than her welcome. She shook hands with each of us, as if she had known us all our lives, and expressed over and over again her joy at having succeeded in bringing us to her castle. 'You must be sadly tired, however,' she said, 'and the children must be almost ready for their beds; so pray shew that you feel at home by selecting the rooms which suit you best. There are enough of them, I trust; and presently the dinner, which has been ready for you an hour or two, will be served up.' Off we set, under charge of the major-domo, Joseph, who, in obedience to the magnificent orders of his hospitable mistress, had lighted the stoves in three times the number of apartments we could by possibility occupy, in order, as he said, that we might pick and choose. In most old castles which I have seen, the rooms are small and comfortable, but in Hainfeld they were large and commodious; and, though the furniture was not abundant,

* It may be right to explain that this C. stands for Countess, and not for the initial of a Christian name, hers being J. A. It is a general custom on the Continent for persons of rank to write their title as a part of the signature.

or, at least, not so superabundant as in modern mansions, it was all good and even elegant in its old-fashioned heavy way. In the principal room, which had been prepared for us, and which was the best in the castle, there stood, in rather tottering condition, a handsomely got-up bed, at least eight feet wide, furnished with crimson silk curtains, bordered with silver lace, two or three inches broad, surmounted by a massy carved cornice, fringed with silver tracery, in the same taste as a rich but heavy embroidery which figured at the head of the bed. In like manner, the walls were hung with crimson satin; and round the room were placed old-fashioned sofas with curling backs, and arms like dolphins' tails, embossed in gold, and all padded with elastic cushions wrought in flowers. Fancifully carved writing-tables, supported by not less fantastically shaped legs, with snug places for the feet to rest upon, stood here and there. Bureaus, chests of drawers, and queer-looking toilet-tables, groaning under the weight of huge mirrors, completed the furniture. Of course there were plenty of chairs—heavy old fellows, with high puffy seats, cane backs, and whirling arms, comfortable enough to sit upon, but not easily moved from place to place. Most of the rooms were ornamented with grotesque work in plaster, in high relief, on the roofs; and such of the walls as were not hung with hideous staring antediluvian family portraits, were painted in fresco, with battle pieces, hunting scenes, and other embellishments in the same luxurious but antiquated taste. I must not omit to mention one important article of furniture, which was found in every room in the castle, high and low, namely, an enormous porcelain stove, white and highly glazed, reaching almost to the ceiling, in a succession of handsome stories, not unlike Chinese pagodas I have seen in other climes. The fire is introduced into these vast ovens, as they are well called in German, not by an opening into the room, but by a door which opens into the corridor. Early in the morning a large wood fire is lighted in each stove; and such is their mass, that long after the fire is burned out, the heat is retained, and the apartment kept warm till the evening, when another heating is given it which suffices for the night."

They go to visit the ancient seat of the family.

"On returning through the lower range of Riegersburg, where a picturesque little village has been built under the shadow of the fort, we took a look; by the countess's desire, at the church, within which, she told us, she had erected a chapel. As she had never changed from the Protestantism in which she was brought up at Edinburgh, and had acquired any thing but love or respect for the Catholicism of Austria, this proceeding appeared very odd. We examined the chapel, however, which was done up with the simple taste that characterised every thing she undertook. In the centre she had placed a neat, though rather showy, altar; and, on one side, a handsome granite monument to her husband and son. Over all blazed the glorious Saint Wenceslaus, the patron of the Purgstall family, not quite in keeping with the quiet elegance of the rest; and the whole affair puzzled us not a little. These anomalies were explained by the countess, on our return to Hainfeld. She asked us little or nothing about the decaying grandeur of the ancient seat of her family in their prosperous days; and as it had passed from her hands to those of people who neglected it, and cared for none of its renowned associations, we refrained from alluding to it. But she was eloquent on

the subject of the chapel, where, in fact, owing to the peculiar cast of her temperament, nearly all her interests lay buried with her husband and son: and we soon found that her sole wish on earth, or, at least, the wish which was always uppermost in her mind, was to be laid beside them. As difficulties might arise, however, on the score of her being a Protestant, or from the castle being no longer in the possession of her family, she thought it prudent to take every precaution beforehand to insure this grand object of her anxiety. The priests, accordingly, were propitiated by this magnificent embellishment of the church; and the congregation felt themselves obliged to the countess for placing before their wondering eyes a picture done in Vienna, and so much beyond their provincial conceptions of the power of art. It was generally understood, also, that the countess had left in her will certain sums of money to be distributed to the poor after her body should be quietly interred in the family vault of the Purgstalls; and the clergy of the spot had an idea, whether true or not, that, in the same event, the poor in spirit were not forgotten in her ladyship's will. All these things she told us, not only with the utmost unconcern as to her death, but, I may say, with that sort of lively interest with which a person speaks of an agreeable visit to be made in the spring of the ensuing year. It was difficult at first to know exactly how to take all this—whether to be grave or gay—since it did not seem quite civil to be discussing as a pleasant affair, and in her presence, the details of our worthy hostess's funeral. So I thought it best merely to ask her whether, as in England, there might not be some difficulty as to interment in a vault within the church, except in a leaden coffin. I suggested to her, that, as in Austria people are buried very quickly after their death, there might be no time, especially in a remote country place, to make the requisite preparations. 'And do you think,' retorted the old lady, with a curious sort of smile, 'do you think I was going to risk the success of the prime object of my thoughts upon such a contingency as that? No! no! you shall see!' and ringing the bell, she summoned Joseph. 'Get the keys,' she exclaimed, 'and shew Captain Hall my coffin.' And, turning to us, she added, 'When you see it, I think you will admit that it is not likely to be refused admittance to the church on the score of want of strength, or, for that matter, for want of beauty.' I confess I was not a little curious to discover how either strength or beauty could be given to a leaden coffin; I found, however, it was not made of lead, but of iron; and so tastefully contrived, that it looked more like one of those ornamental pieces of sculpture which surmount some of the old monuments in Westminster Abbey, than a coffin intended for real use. Having removed three huge fantastically shaped padlocks, we folded back the lid, and I was surprised to see two large bundles, neatly sewed up in white linen, lying in the coffin, one at each end. On stooping down and touching them, I discovered they were papers, and could read, in the countess's handwriting, the following words:—'Our Letters.—J. A. Purgstall.'

We next copy out an interesting anecdote of Dugald Stewart. "'It is a most curious fact,' she went on to say, 'that Dugald Stewart could not see any difference even between colours so strongly contrasted as the ripe mulberry fruit and the leaf of that tree. Yet the practical inconvenience of this singular defect in the retina, if such it were, was

nothing in comparison to what he suffered from becoming blind when the day was nearly at a close. I was laughing just now,' said the countess, warning with her topic, as she always did when any thing carried her thoughts back to Edinburgh, which was fifty times a-week,—'I was laughing at the recollection of a funny scene I had with your father and Mr. Stewart at least half a century ago. We had all been drinking tea with my excellent friend, the reverend Mr. Alison, who had then a house in Bruntsfield Links. My two companions, the moment they came into the open air, recommenced a metaphysical discussion the party had been engaged in, and which, from the popular turn which the graceful genius of Mr. Alison gave to the most profound disquisitions, I had been able, in some degree, to understand; at all events, to take great interest in. But when your father and Mr. Stewart found themselves alone—for they seemed to consider a young lady as nobody—they dived much deeper into the subject than I could well follow; and to the one or two questions I ventured to put, in search of explanation, the philosophers made scarcely any answer, but trudged on over the little grassy knolls of the Links, taking no more account of me than if I had not been present. As I well knew my companions to be two of the very kindest and best bred men in the world, and that they were merely absorbed in their darling topics, I paced after them in respectful patience, thinking of something else, and admiring, as the sun went down, the last touch of bright light on the top of Arthur's seat, and the flag-staff and battlements of the old castle. Presently, Mr. Stewart, slackening his pace, drew to my side, and remarked that the golf-players had quite destroyed the Links for a lady's walking, and that unless I took his arm I might put my foot into one of the holes used in the aforesaid game. As I found none of the inconvenience to which he referred, and as we had passed most of the rough ground, I begged him not to disturb his philosophical tête-à-tête on my account. But he continued to press me to take his arm. I knew well enough what was the professor's motive, for I had long been aware of his peculiar optical weakness, and I saw he could scarcely walk a step without setting his foot on a stone, or into a hole; but I was willing, by declining his twilight civilities, to punish his broad-day neglect. Sir James, who as yet saw quite well, had no idea what Mr. Stewart was manœuvring about, and even tried all he could, being deeply interested in the discussion, to detach the blind lecturer's attention from me to himself. Mr. Stewart, however, in his fears of a sprained ankle, seemed quite to forget his moral philosophy, much to your father's surprise. In about five minutes afterwards, however, I was much amused when Sir James also offered me his arm, expressed in like manner a wonderful surprise about my safety and comfort, and, as Mr. Stewart had done before him, insisted upon encumbering me with help of which I stood in no sort of need. It became truly a task of some difficulty to lead these two gentlemen, for as neither of them could see an inch before him, I was obliged to act as a guide to both. They, on the other hand, as soon as they had regained their confidence, through the agency of my pilotage, forgot their sudden fit of gallantry, and once more recommenced their unintelligible disquisitions, across my very nose, and without once seeming to recollect that such an individual as their female protector was in existence.'"

Most naturally, the lonely invalid clings to her new-found friends; and she is most urgent for them to stay and see her eyes closed in death. The last scene:—

"The request, therefore, to stay by her till she died, was a little startling; for if such an engagement were entered into, it was impossible to say how it could be fulfilled, without much more serious inconvenience than it was either our desire or our duty to incur. As the countess spoke in a cheerful and almost playful tone, I replied, in the same tone,—'Pray, ma'am, when do you mean to die,—for something will depend upon that?' The old lady laughed at my taking the matter up in this way, and exclaimed,—'You are quite right; you cannot be expected to stay here for an indefinite period; and you would be as wrong to promise it as I should be unreasonable to exact it. But,' added she, in a more serious tone, and after pausing a minute or two, 'I shall not keep you long. You know well how fatal to my happiness this period of the year has often proved. The 22d of March is the most unfortunate day in my life. My husband expired on that day, four-and-twenty years ago, and on that day I think I may safely say to you that I shall die!' I looked, of course, not a little surprised. I cannot say I was shocked; for I could scarcely believe the countess in earnest. Before I could muster any words to express what was proper on the occasion, she went on,—'You may very well be startled at such a declaration; but, nevertheless, you will see that what I say will prove true. My apparent recovery just now is all fallacious and external,—within, the vital principle is fast ebbing away. I have been too familiar with disease not to know its marks. The hand of death is upon me, and I rejoice to find it so. I cannot be more prepared for the awful event than I now am; and I consider that Providence has sent you here at this trying season to minister to my last moments. I shall die happy, quite happy, if you are by my side to close my eyes,—if Mrs. Hall will stay near me, and if your little children will cheer me with their smiles as I leave the world, I shall then feel, not only not deserted, but surrounded by friends. This, indeed, for many long years, has been my only wish on earth, though unaccompanied by the slightest hope of its being gratified. How could I expect,' continued she, smiling, 'that a family of my countryfolks would have either inclination or leisure to devote themselves to such a blighted vestige of humanity as I am?' I assured her cordially, that I and all my family felt as she could wish, and that our duty to her was now amongst our most binding obligations. 'Well, then,' cried she, 'oblige me by staying over the equinox. It will come in a few days. Will you promise me that?' 'Surely,' I said, 'we shall be most happy. We had intended,' I added, 'to proceed towards Vienna about the 20th; but we shall not now think of moving, however well you may be, before the 30th.' 'Ah!' she sighed, 'that will be long enough. Many days before that time arrives, you will, I trust, have laid me quietly in my grave; and I shall be joined again to those beings for whom alone I wished to live, and for whose sakes I am so anxious to die.' From that time forward she never spoke more on the subject. To all appearance, also, she went on steadily improving in health, or rather not falling into greater illness. The only striking difference in her was, that she could not read her letters; but she listened with much interest to their being read by us; and she insisted upon our resuming our daily

readings with her as before her late violent attack. She conversed, too, nearly as formerly, and related anecdotes with all her wonted animation. So complete, indeed, appeared to be her re-establishment, that, on the 20th of March, I wrote to her friends to state that I fully believed all immediate danger was past. The post-bag, however, was scarcely closed before I was summoned to the countess's room, where I found her in a high fever, and talking incoherently. The letters were taken out of the bag, and an express got ready to send off the moment the doctor came and pronounced his opinion, of which, indeed, we had little doubt. But by the time he came, the vigorous old lady was taken better, if I may use such an expression; and, having slept more soundly than she had done for years, she awoke so much stronger and heartier than she had been before, that all the world pronounced this to have been the crisis of her illness; and, as that had passed, all would go well. So far there was an important change; she was left free from pain—a situation so new to her that she scarcely knew, she said, how to enjoy it sufficiently. But all this was no more than the flaring up of the taper just about to be extinguished. The equinox came, and found the countess all but dead. On the 23d, and less than twenty-four hours after the time she had herself specified, the fatal blow was struck, and our poor friend was no more!"

Captain Hall sees the iron coffin laid to its long last rest. Besides this touching history, there is a great deal to amuse and to interest in these various pages; and we congratulate Captain Hall equally on the good feeling and the spirit that he has shewn. We must not omit his well-founded (we think) surmise, that the countess was the original of Diana Vernon, in *Rob Roy*.

The Book of Table Talk. Illustrated with Woodcuts. Vol. I. 12mo. pp. 319. London, 1836. Knight.

THE first volume of a series which promises a rich field of curious selection and anecdote. The book is made up from many sources, and is just one to take up, read a bit of, and lay down at any idle hour. We wish we could, but cannot, find room for a curious list of disguises of every class under which the names of authors have appeared, extracted from M. Baillet's "*Jugemens des Savans*" (reprint of 1723), with additions from other old French writers; but we can only copy a small part.

"The oldest author who has gone under different names, according to Baillet, is Moses, whom he follows Huet in asserting to be at once Thoth, Adonis, Thammuz, Osiris, Serapis, Apis, Orus, Anubis, Typhon, Zoroaster, Pan, Apollo, Bacchus, Vulcan, Priapus, Prometheus, Minos, Orpheus, Æsculapius, Proteus, Tiresias, Janus, Evander, and several more. We were somewhat surprised at this list, till we saw Proteus among the number. However, the author gets on firmer ground as he comes nearer his own time. The practice of changing the name was forbidden in France by Henry II. in 1555, except by letters patent. The Council of Trent, in 1546, required, under pain of excommunication, that the real name of the author should appear in every work on religious subjects; and the edicts of various kings appeared in France in support of the order of the council, but without much success; indeed, only six years after the decree of the council, a controversial work was printed at Paris by the English Bishop Gardiner, under the title of 'Con-

stantius.' Bellarmine wrote under the name of Matthew Tortus and several others. At the revival of letters in Europe, the prevailing fancy was for ancient Latin and Greek names; and neither Christian name nor surname (when there was one) was exempt from invasion. Peter of Calabria wrote under the title of Julius Pomponius Lætus; Marco Antonio Coccio under that of Marcus Antonius Curtius Sabellicus; Cristoval de Escobar under that of Lucius Christophorus Escobarus. Florent Chréien, the tutor of Henry IV., took the name of Quintus Septimius Florens Christianus; the first because he was a fifth son, the second because he was a seven months' child. Many who were named John preferred Janus to Johannes, as being more pagan. * * *

A French author could not bear his own name of Disne-Maudi (Dine in the Morning), but changed it to Dorat; but he gave his daughter to a M. Goulu (Mr. Guttle), without any stipulation as to change of name. The Pere Canard (in English, Father Duck) translated his name into Latin, and was called Anas. Another Jesuit, with the unlucky name of Comère, was disgusted at the sounds Pere Comère, and greatly improved his name by merely changing a letter—he was then Pere Comire. * * *

Our 'lovers of truth' and 'enemies of humbug' in the newspapers are modest the other way, as stale fish mends in summer. But the modesty of the first-mentioned was undoubtedly for their contemporaries, not for us; they little thought, perhaps, that in a few centuries their real names would be as good symbols of obscurity as could well be. The first author whom Baillet mentions as having feigned a name for pure deception's sake, was the angel Raphael, as related in the story of Tobias. We do not know what works this writer left; probably they are lost. * * *

The following list will shew the general rules by which, particularly among the French, modern names were Latinised; but the exceptions were many and capricious, and some terminations have no rule:—

"Gambara, Gambarus; Settala, Septalius; Louchard, Luscardius; Passat, Passarius; Coles, Colasius; Sausmaire, Salsmaus; Cujas, Cujacius; Petau, Petavus; Sarrau, Sarrauius; Beraud, Beraoldus; Bressault, Bressaldu; D'Urfé, Urfeus; Bude, Budeus; Chanterelle, Cantarellus; Ragueau, Raguellus; Brimeu, Brimeus; Nanteuil, Nantolius; Forgeuil, Forgeolus; Chevaller, Cavallerius; Potier, Poterius; Roscius, Roscius; Richelieu, Richelius; St. Prie, Sanprius; Beaumanoir, Bellomanoir; De Blois, Blosius; Gaillois, Gallius; Bignon, Bignonius; Bourbon, Borbonius; Baron, Baronius; Priou, Priolius; De Thou, Thuanus; Pithou, Pithorius; Lott, Lotus; Longuejume, Longojolius; De Sautour, Sautorius; Morecourt, Morcourtus; Padox, Pardolphus; LeGour, Legolphus; Marigny, Marinius; D'Ailly, Alliacus; De Joigny, Juniacus. * * *

"The transformations of many Dutch and German names are very amusing: Vanderdoez was turned into Douza, Moltzer into Mycillus, Schuler into Sabinus, Gastebled, or Outdebled, into Vatablus, and so on, with hundreds of others. The confusion which arose from the Latinisation of names, and from translating names into Latin and Greek—for many family denominations were turned into Greek equivalents—was beyond all description, and presented enigmas that required an Œdipus to solve them, as was remarked by Noel d'Arbonne, who wrote a very amusing essay on the subject, under the title of '*The Revolt of Latinised Names*.' The common French names of La Porte and La Forest were rendered Janua or Jannensis, and Sylvius; Du Bois was Nemehius; Pratus was equally the translation of Du Prat and Des Prez; Angelus was the conversion both of L'Ange and Langel; Castellanus of Du Chastel, Di Castello, Castellano,

and several others. The name of Ricci, which is almost as common in Italy as that of Smith or Brown in England, was turned into Crinitus. By this transformation and falsification of patronymics, many a deserving man and many an honest family were deprived of their fame; for people in general were not able to trace any connexion between their friends and neighbours Monsieur Du Bois and Signor Ricci, and such names as Nehemius and Crinitus.

Henry Brabantin, William de Merbeck, and Thomas de Cantempré, are all one and the same person — no doubt the real prototype of Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus. Jerome Cardan is also Hieronymus Castellioneus, and Johannes Roffensis may be either Bishop Fisher of Rochester or John Montague of Rochester. But Cerberus above mentioned has been beaten by a neck by Peter Bibliothecarius, *alias* Diaconus, *alias* Casinensis, *alias* Ostiensis. The transposition of letters, or anagrams, was sometimes used for purposes of concealment, and very effectively done by leaving out or adding letters. Thus Mesalinius would hardly be guessed to have come from Salmasius, or Cesare Leone Fruscadino from Francesco Maria de Luco Sereni. But Gustavus for Augustus, Lucianus and Alcuius for Calvinus, Volmarus Kirstenius for Macer Jurisconsultus, are good enough. Some authors called their several chapters by the letters of their names; but Fordun placed at the head of his Scottish Chronicle three verses as follows, in which the first letters of each word together make up Johannes de Fordun:

Incipies opus hoc Adonai; nomine nostri
Exemptum scripta dirigit Emanuel.
Fauces ornate rudent, dum verbera nectant.

Jean de Vauzelles announced his work by the motto, *Crainte de Dieu vaut zèle*; and Pierre de Mesmes by the Italian, *Per me stesso son azzo*, which, literally, in French, is *de moi-même je suis Pierre*, which he intended should be transposed as follows—*Moi, je suis Pierre de Mesmes!* The substitution of initial letters instead of names and titles was common enough, and was borrowed from the practice of the Jews, but stripped of all point by the absence of the vowel, which is assumed or understood between the consonants of the Hebrew. Thus, J. C. A. A. P. E. I. stood for Jean Cusson Avocat au Parlement et Imprimeur, and F. J. F. C. R. S. T. P. A. P. C. for Frater Johannes Fronto, Canonius Regularis, Sacre Theologie Professor, Academicus Parisiensis Cancellarius. The lengthening of names in the following manner frequently took place: Guillet became Guillet de la Guilletière, Thaumass became Thaumass de la Thaumassière, &c. In closing this article, we observe that we can by no means guarantee the correct spelling of any name which is not French in the preceding extracts, because they are taken from French authors; and writers of that nation, till very lately, contended which should spell foreign names worst. If all difficult researches are interesting, then what a tempting subject it would be to endeavour to find ten English words consecutively spelt right in any French author from 1750 to 1815. We may congratulate our readers on being allowed to call books and men by their vernacular names. If there be any one who is insensible to the benefit thereby accruing to him, we should very much like to send him on a hunt among the book-stalls for the following scarce work (as he would find it): *Viri celeberrimi, &c. Veloci Decani Patriciensis, vita, auctore Gualtero Norelistâ. Augustæ: MDCCLXXX. Excudebat Calvicius Victor.*

We have now only to add two specimens, more brief, from this entertaining volume.

"Epitaph in the Churchyard of Moreton-in-Marsh. Here lie the bones of Richard Lawton, Whose death, Alas! was strangely brought on; Trying one day his corns to mow off, The razor slipped, and cut his toe off: His toe, or rather what it grew to, An inflammation quickly flew to; Which took, alas! to mortifying, And was the cause of Richard's dying."

"A Charm. Worse poetry has been written than the following, which is the production of Agnes Sampson, who was burnt for a witch in Scotland in the year 1590. It is entitled, 'A prayer and incantation for hailing of seik folkis,' and would, no doubt, put a stop to many a nervous fit."

All kinds of ills that ever may be,
In Chrystis name I conjure ye,
I conjure ye, bath mair and less,
By all the vertewes of the Mess;
And rycht sa, by the nailis sa,
That nailit Jesu, and na ma;
And rycht sa, by the samyn blude,
That reikit owre the ruthful rood,
Furth of the flesh and of the bone,
And in the erth and in the stane,
I conjure ye in Goddis name!"

Lord Mahon's History of England.

(Second notice.)

THOUGH our first illustrations of this work were all selected from the first hundred and forty pages, which bring down the history to the death of Queen Anne, and we have, consequently, the most important portion of it before us; we regret to say, that an arrear of old and an influx of new matters must render our continuation of this week only a sort of pass-over to the next, when we trust to be able to find room for consideration better suited to the value of the volume. The undisturbed accession of George I. is briefly and truly described as an event which wonderfully falsified the calculations of men; and the approach of his majesty is preluded by this happy portrait of him:

"The new king was a man of more virtues than accomplishments. His private character — if, indeed, the character of a king can ever be called private — was upright, honourable, and benevolent. He was apt to remember services much longer than injuries — a quality rare in every rank of life, but least of all common with princes. He was steady in his friendships; even in his temper; sparing, and sometimes niggardly, in his expenses. This severe economy also extended to his time, which he distributed with the precision of a piece of machinery, and of which he devoted no small share to public business. A desire for peace was in him combined with tried valour and military knowledge; and he loved his people as much as he was capable of loving any thing. But, unhappily, his qualities, however solid, were not shining. A heavy countenance, an awkward address, an aversion to the pomp of majesty — nay, even to the acclamations which greeted him — disgusted the multitude; while men of education were mortified at finding that he neither loved nor encouraged any branch of literature or science, nor any one of the fine arts except music. Politicians complained of his unbending obstinacy and contracted understanding. 'His views and affections,' says Lord Chesterfield, 'were singly confined to the narrow compass of his electorate; England was too big for him.' A diffidence of his own parts made him reluctant to speak in public, and select for his familiar society persons of inferior intellect and low buffoonery; nor did he ever shew a proper dignity, either in his mind or

manners. It may seem absurd to reckon amongst the faults of this prince that he was already fifty-four years of age, attached to German customs, and utterly ignorant of the English language; yet there can be no doubt that these were the circumstances which most impeded his good government or extensive popularity. A hard fate, that the enthronement of a stranger should have been the only means to secure our liberties and laws!"

The reflections which follow are worthy of Lord Mahon's pen and the occasion:—

"Almost a century of foreign masters! such has been the indirect but undoubted effect of the great rebellion. Charles and James, driven abroad by the tumults at home, received a French education, and pursued a French policy. Their government was overthrown by a Dutchman; George the First and George the Second were entirely German: and thus, from 1660 to 1760, when a truly English monarch once more ascended the throne, the reign of Queen Anne appears the only exception to a foreign dominion. Let not these observations mislead the reader as to my opinion of that crisis. Far from me be any feeling of aversion, or even of indifference, to the Hanover succession! On the enthronement of that family depended, I most firmly believe, the security of our laws, of our properties, of our religion, of every thing that we either cherish or revere. In spite of every drawback, the cause of Hanover was undoubtedly the cause of liberty, and the cause of the Stuarts the cause of despotism. These two adverse principles will be found in almost all ages, and under every variety of parties, to carry on their fierce and unceasing warfare; the bright spirit is constantly struggling against the malicious fiend. But let it be observed, that amongst all the masks which the hateful demon of despotism knows how to assume, none is more dangerous and ensnaring than when it puts on the disguise of revolutionary license—when it combats its rival with his own weapons, and seems only to aim at a greater extension of liberty."

The impeachments of Anne's ministers, Ormond, Oxford, and Bolingbroke, and their conduct severally under the circumstances, furnish interesting matter till the breaking out of the rebellion of forty-five, which is yet more replete with interest. The preface is a just view of it.

"To those," says the author, "who attentively consider the state of parties at the accession of George the First, it will, I think, appear indisputable, that the friends of the Pretender would, sooner or later, with more or with less resources, have attempted an insurrection in his cause. On the other hand, however, I am far from denying that this insurrection gathered strength from the vindictive measures of the Whig administration—measures which tended to exalt the hopes, and increase the numbers of the disaffected. To their success, however, three things seemed essential: first, that the rising in England should take place conjointly with that in Scotland; secondly, the personal presence of the Pretender whenever his standard was first raised; and, thirdly, some assistance from France. It will be my task to explain how, partly from misfortune, but more from mismanagement, not one of these objects, though reasonably expected, was obtained."

He does so in a perspicuous manner; but, for the reasons we have stated, we must here conclude.

A Catalogue of Original Letters, Manuscripts, and State Papers, collected by William Upcott, Islington. 1836. 4to. pp. 64.

PRIVATELY printed, for distribution among Mr. Upcott's friends. The collection which it describes comprises thirty-two thousand letters, exclusive of manuscripts, and is illustrated with three thousand portraits; each class being placed in alphabetical or chronological order, as appeared most appropriate to the subjects. "Having brought together such rare and valuable materials," says Mr. Upcott, in the Introduction to the Catalogue, "and formed them into a uniform series, it is but natural that I should desire to see them preserved in one of the public Museums, either abroad or at home: this hope has always acted with me as a stimulus during the years I have dedicated to the pursuit, and prompted me to persevere and bring them to their present condition. Thus, I do not hesitate to declare, my own opinion being supported by men of undoubted judgment and taste, that the following collection would add interest and dignity to any library, public or private." Nothing can be more true. The collection is most extraordinary for an individual to have made; and abounds with documents of the highest literary and national importance. Let us hope that means may be placed in the hands of the trustees of the British Museum of making this valuable acquisition. We trust that the niggardliness, with reference to matters of science, literature, and art, which has for so long a period disgraced this country, is passing away; and that our statesmen and legislators are beginning to feel the truth and wisdom of the fine observation made many years ago by Sir Martin Shee, in the Preface to his "Rhymes on Art:"—"There is an economy that impoverishes, and an expense that enriches a state."

The details of the catalogue are admirable, and would furnish an excellent model for a classified catalogue of the manuscripts in the British Museum. Why is such a catalogue, which all parties allow to be so desirable, not undertaken? It would be a work of some, but not of excessive labour. Mr. Upcott's catalogue occupied him, we understand, only two months. Surely a similar catalogue of the manuscripts in the Museum might be accomplished by an individual in twelve months.

Isaac's Travels in Eastern Africa.

[Second notice.]

ON reconsidering the passages we had marked for further notice in this work, we have been more satisfied that it could afford little gratification to our readers to peruse the details of the Zoola king, Chaka's barbarities and murders. His death, and the succession of Dingan, who, though also a despot, seems to be not quite so great a savage as his predecessor, and has relinquished some of his bloody customs, are circumstantially related. The writer also denies statements, put forth by Mr. Kay, the missionary, in his account, published in 1833. He asserts, on the contrary, that the English, located on the eastern side of Africa, have done much to civilise and improve the natives; and that very important commercial advantages may result by following up the intercourse in their footsteps.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

SIR JOHN BARROW in the chair.—There was read an account of General Millar's journey from Cuzco, about eighty miles, in an east-

erly direction, among the Chunchos Indians, in August 1835. Before giving an account of his trip, the author premises, that, soon after his arrival at Cuzco, in January 1835, he conceived the idea of planting a military colony on the banks of some navigable river on the eastern side of the Andes, with a view, first, to facilitate the discovery, or examination, of vast pampas, or plains, lying between what may be called the civilised confines of Peru and Brazil, leaving an immense intervening breadth; and, secondly, of opening a direct communication with Europe by means of the river Marañon (the Amazons). As a preparatory step, General Millar determined, first, to examine the valley of Santana himself, to see if there was an eligible tract of country in advance of the valley for the settlement of a hundred married soldiers, with their officers and families; and this was one of the reasons he set out from Cuzco on the 7th of March; but intelligence of Salaverri's mutiny at Lima overtaking the author, he was reluctantly compelled to retrace his steps. Although the political changes deprived him of the command of the troops, it did not quench his desires to visit the Indian territory to the eastward; and hence, upon his arrest, he requested to be allowed to proceed to Santana. The result of his excursion, however, was, that neither Santana, nor the adjacent valleys of the aborigines, offered any sufficiently advantageous situation to form a colony, since the river Agua Caliente (hot water) has lofty mountains on either side of it, and is not, moreover, navigable even for boats. Having ascertained this fact, he turned his thoughts to exploring the valleys of Paucartambo, and, at length, procured General Gamarra's sanction to proceed thither. General Millar felt very anxious to remove to a distance from the scene of politics, and of political intrigues, which, he says, he could not countenance, nor, indeed, scarcely understand; for, one day, Gamarra told him that he was acting in combination with General Santa Cruz (the president of Bolivia), and, the next day, that he seriously thought of joining Salaverri to oppose the Bolivians. Under these circumstances the author took his departure from Cuzco on the 17th of July, last year; and on the 22d we find him on the summit of Las Tres Cruces, the last easterly ridge of the Cordilleras.

On the morning of the 23d he was on foot, to see the sun cast his first rays on the glorious panorama below; and, as he gradually rose, the beauties of nature were more and more distinctly unveiled. Heaven and earth seemed to smile; and as he gazed from such a spot upon the bright orb of day, he could not help thinking that the adoration of such an object could scarcely be forbidden with propriety; and that the idolatry of the Incas was more natural, and more rational, than the kneeling before wooden be-tinselled images; the superstitious worship of the enlighteners of the once happy Americans. Above and around, the sun shone bright and clear; but, far below, an unbroken sea of clouds concealed the woody plains, as well as a wide navigable river, called La Madre de Dios (the mother of God), and several tributary torrents; the silvery courses of which are plainly discernible when the atmosphere is perfectly clear. The clouds, forming ponderous masses, which imagination could shape into any forms, rose gently and majestically as the sun ascended, until the whole sky became overcast. An hour before day-break, the thermometer stood at 28°. Two hours afterwards it rose to 75°; a difference of 47° in the space of three hours. On the 28th

of July, General Millar rode with the administrator (the chief steward of the estate), Don Esteban Calderon, to the haciendas, called Santa Cruz and Chaupimayo. The land here produces coca-leaf, rice, Indian corn, pine-apples, &c. in great abundance, and of excellent quality, when cultivated; though very small quantities of those things are grown, owing to the laziness of the people who superintend or work on the hacienda, and whose almost only food consists of chuno (the blanched potato), sesina (sun-dried meat), and aji (capsicum). They are the same sort of filthy, immoral people the author met with in the valleys of Santana. Vegetables are scarcely ever seen, although the soil and climate admit of the production of most sorts for the table. On two of the haciendas there are ten orange-trees; and when the author inquired why more had not been planted, seeing that these ten thrive so well and yielded such delicious fruit, an administrator replied, that want of leisure hindered them from attending to those sorts of things. This remark put General Millar almost out of patience, and he could not help observing to the man, that if those who had charge of the haciendas did not pass so many idle hours in smoking cigars; if they were not so averse to reflect, and to exert themselves; and if they wished to live as civilised beings ought to live, they would have fruits, vegetables, butter, and milk, on their tables every day, instead of their present unwholesome fare. After traversing the country, and affording some interesting details of a similar character, General Millar found himself, on the 16th of Aug. again at Paucartambo. Here he learned that, on the 12th, General Santa Cruz, with 3000 Bolivians and 1000 Peruvians, had defeated Gamarra, and about 3500 men, at the Black Lake.—There was likewise communicated a copy of a letter from Mr. Becraft, commanding the Quorra steamers, dated Fernando Po, February 28, 1836, detailing a trip up the river Quorra, as far as the junction of the river Tschadda, addressed to Colonel Nicholls, and received through the colonial office. Five new members were elected into the Society, and six proposed. Don Juan Orbeago, and Don Jose Ignacio Iherri, generals in the Mexican service, were elected foreign corresponding members.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 8th.—Sir Philip Grey Egerton read a notice on the structure of the neck of the *Ichthyosaurus*. It is not possible, without illustrations, to enable our readers to understand clearly the anatomical details of this paper. In a former communication on the same subject, the author pointed out, for the first time, that the atlas and axis of the *Ichthyosaurus* are united, and strengthened by additional bones appended to their lower surface. In pursuing his researches, he has ascertained that the union of these vertebrae is not the result of age; for he has obtained a specimen, less than half an inch in diameter, in which they are as firmly united as in another exceeding six inches. In only one instance has he been able by force to separate the two joints; and in specimens which have been worn down and polished he has ascertained that, though externally there was a regular line of separation, yet that internally there was no trace of any division, the cancelli passing regularly from the atlas to the axis. After a minute detail of the bones forming the neck, Sir Philip Egerton concluded by shewing how admirably they were adapted to the wants of the animal. Professor Sedgwick afterwards gave an account of the Whitehaven and

adjacent coal-fields. In a former paper, by himself and Mr. Williamson Peile, the limestone on the northern flank of the central Cumbrian mountains was described; and in this, assisted by the practical knowledge of that gentleman, Professor Sedgwick detailed the structure of the coal-fields, the faults by which they are affected, and the changes in the principal beds presented in the different pits. The coal-measures consist, as usual, of indefinite alternations of sandstone, shale, and coal, divided into two great series: one including the beds wrought in the Whitehaven and Workington fields; the other, those which occur beneath that system. In the former, the total thickness of the strata is said to be from 1000 to 1100 feet, containing, at least, thirty bands of coal, three of which, the Bannock, the Main, and the Six Quarters, are distinguished by their richness. The lower system is worked in the Harrington field, and includes many valuable seams of coal, locally called the metal band, the two feet, the three feet, the four feet, and the Udale. The faults by which the whole country is traversed are so numerous and complicated as to render description impossible; but Professor Sedgwick mentioned several extraordinary instances of the best planned mining operations having been rendered fruitless by them. This being the last meeting of the session, the Society adjourned to November.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MR. YARRELL in the chair.—The following note from Sir Robert Heron was read. It refers to the writer's success in the breeding of that rare and curious bird, the curassow, at his seat, Stubton. From two individuals in his possession, the male of which is entirely black, and the female of the mottled reddish-brown colour, which is regarded as characteristic of the *Cra. rubra* (Linn.), have been hatched six young ones, in three broods of two eggs each; the eggs were placed under turkeys and common hens. Respecting one of them no notes were made, but the other five were all of the red colour of the female parent. Two of these, which were, at two or three weeks old, very strong, being still in the flower-garden, were killed in the night by a rat, which had eaten its way into the coop in which they were. Two others were sent to the Earl of Derby: the remaining one is quite full grown. There is one great peculiarity attending the old pair: their principal food is Indian corn and greens: both of which they eat in common; but, whenever any biscuit is given to them, as an occasional treat when visitors are by, the male breaks it and takes it in his mouth, waiting, however long, until the hen takes it out of his bill, which she does without the slightest mark of civility, although on excellent terms with him. This proceeding is invariable. Of his male black swan, *Cygnus atratus*, Sir Robert states that he had been long going off, and died apparently in old age, though not more than fifteen; yet he has left four young ones, not three months old. His widow is still healthy, and does not appear to grieve much; nor did she pay any attention to him in his last days, being, probably, engaged with her young. They have hatched in all forty-four, and reared forty young ones. They were chiefly hatched in January, and always in an earthen wig-wam built for them in a small island.

MEDICO-BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

JUNE 8th. Earl Stanhope, president, in the chair.—Dr. Ryan delivered a lecture on cer-

tain diseases of the heart. These diseases, he stated, had been considerably relieved by the use of hydriodate of potass in many instances, some of which he alluded to as having occurred at the Western Dispensary. He mentioned, also, that strychnine had been administered most successfully in cases of neuralgia (shaking palsy), both general and partial. Having made some observations on partial loss of hair and plica-polonica, he concluded the lecture with some remarks on the efficacy of *Secale cornutum*, in small doses, in hemorrhages and mucous discharges.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD.—The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's Prizes for the ensuing year, viz.: For Latin Verse—"Marcus Crassus a Parthis devictus." For an English Essay—"The concurring causes which assisted the promulgation of the religion of Mahomet." For a Latin Essay—"Quibus de causis fiat plerumque ut instituta ac mores Orientalium agris mutantur quam nostra."

Sir Roger Neudigate's Prize.—For the best Composition in English Verse, not limited to fifty lines.

Mrs. Denyer's Theological Prizes.—The subjects for the year 1837 are: "On the divinity of our blessed Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." "On original or birth sin, and the necessity of new birth unto life."

Theological Prize.—"The mission of St. John the Baptist."

June 9th, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—The Rev. F. A. Faber, Fellow of Magdalen College.

Bachelor in Medicine, with licence to practice.—R. H. Gooden, Queen's College.

Masters of Arts.—C. W. Orde, University College, grand compounder; K. W. Collett, Christ Church; Rev. C. J. Fox, E. Price, Magdalen Hall; Rev. C. L. Guyon, Wadham College; R. J. Spranger, Fellow, N. F. Lightfoot, Exeter College; C. Bontell, Trinity College; J. R. Hughes, Fellow, New College; Rev. F. Baugh, Fellow, All Souls' College; Rev. J. L. Spencer, Worcester College; W. A. F. De Salis, Rev. E. Fursdon, Rev. J. F. Belfield, Oriel College; Rev. T. Williams, Jesus College; H. Blane, Brasenose College; Rev. C. Boys, Merton College.

Bachelors of Arts.—E. H. Cheney, C. F. F. Clinton, H. Barnett, H. C. Campton, H. L. Dodds, Christ Church; E. J. Jackson, Worcester College; C. J. Fisher, Wadham College; J. Treacy, J. Hunt, A. R. Harrison, Scholars, Queen's College; K. Homfray, Magdalen Hall; J. Wolley, Scholar, Exeter College; J. Connell, J. Dolignon, Balliol College; W. J. Crookford, E. Caswall, Brasenose College; E. Monro, Oriel College.

CAMBRIDGE, June 10th.—C. A. Heurtley, M.A. Corpus Christi College, Oxford, was admitted *ad eundem*.

Porson Prize.—On Tuesday last, the Porson prize (for the best translation of a passage from Shakespeare into Greek verse) was adjudged to C. J. Vaughan, Trinity College.

Subject.—King Richard II. Act II. Scene I. beginning, Gaunt, "Methinks I am a prophet new inspired," &c. and ending,

"How happy then were my ensuing death."

On Tuesday, Sir W. Browne's gold medal for the best epigram was adjudged to T. Whythead, St. John's College. Subject, "Insaniens Sapientia." No prize was adjudged for the Greek and Latin Odes.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

HUDSON GURNEY, Esq. in the chair.—Mr. Kempe communicated an Essay on the four great Roman ways, the *Watling*, the *Ikenild*, the *Foss*, and the *Ermin*, which, with their vicinal branches, are the foundation to this day of the interior communications of Great Britain. His observations were accompanied by a facsimile of an ancient plan of the great Roman roads inserted in the "Historia de Offa, et Vita Abbatum Sci. Albani, per Matth. Paris," preserved in the Cotton Library. Mr. Kempe also made some remarks on the Ryknield Street, the Via Devana, and the Julia Strata, also Roman lines of communication. This being the last meeting of the season, the Society adjourned to the 17th of November.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.

Statistical, 8 P.M.—Marylebone, 8½ P.M.
Mr. Hemming's Second Lecture on Chemistry.

Tuesday.

Linnæan, 8 P.M.—Horticultural, 1 P.M.—

Belgrave, 8 P.M.

Mr. C. Johnson on Botany.

Wednesday.

Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Thursday.

Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Seventh notice: conclusion.]

AMONG the architectural drawings and designs in the library, which belong exclusively to that department of art, are some of a more general character; interesting from the nature of their subjects, and from their picturesque qualities: such, for instance, as No. 940, *Abbeville Cathedral*, W. R. Evans; No. 941, *Caernarvon Castle*, P. H. Rogers; No. 994, *Old Houses, Leominster*, J. M. Ince; No. 996, *The Castle at Newcastle-on-Tyne*; the foreground designed in contemplation of improving the approach, J. Goldicutt—(romance, and chivalry, and the olden times, are suggested to the imagination by this drawing); No. 1015, *Garden Front of a House, erecting at Alpouka, in the Crimea, for his excellency, Count Woronzow*, E. Blore; No. 1021, *Restoration of an Egyptian Temple, with the Procession of Jupiter Ammon, on the Nile*, F. Arundale; No. 1052, *View of the Parthenon by Moonlight*, A. Beaumont; No. 1055, *The Impiety of Catigula*, A. B. Clayton; &c. &c.

The Intaglios are few in number: some of the most distinguished are, No. 982, *Portrait of R. Southey, Esq. LL.D.*, E. W. Wyon; No. 987, *Portrait of William Wordsworth, Esq.*, E. W. Wyon; No. 1040, *Reverse of a Prize Medal*, W. Wyon, A.; No. 1041, *Obverse of a Prize Medal for the Royal Polytechnic Society of Cornwall*, W. Wyon, A.; &c. &c.

Few years have manifested more talent in the department of sculpture with reference both to figures and to busts. We must content ourselves with selecting some of the most prominent contributions. No. 1066, *Mother and Child, executed in marble for George Tudor, Esq.*, E. H. Baily, R.A. A composition as perfect in tender and affectionate sentiment as can be imagined, and one of the most delightful groups in sculpture that we have ever seen.—No. 1142, *Sleeping Nymph, in marble*, E. H. Baily, R.A. Perhaps on somewhat too large a scale for a nymph; but in expression, delicacy, and grace of contour, nothing can surpass it.—No. 1062, *The nymph Ivo with the infant Bacchus*, R. J. Wyatt. An admirable performance: the whole group judiciously varied; graceful in form, and playful in character.—No. 1059, *Hero guiding Leander across the Hellespont*, W. C. Marshall. A highly animated figure.—No. 1060, *Model of a statue of John Jebb, D.D. F.R.S. late Bishop of Limerick, executed in marble by subscription, to be placed in Limerick Cathedral*, E. H. Baily, R.A. When the memory of talents and worth is thus perpetuated, future generations may benefit by the example. As a portrait, this model is faithful and characteristic; as a composition, it is simple and elegant.—No. 1064, *Statue of James Stephen Lushington, Esq. executed by desire of the principal inhabitants of Madras, to be placed in St. George's Church*, H. Weekes. A testimonial of public regard, similar to that last mentioned.—No. 1136, *Portrait in marble of George, the infant son of Arthur Browne Blakiston, Esq.*, E. H. Baily, R.A. The actions of infancy and childhood, as they are ever natural, are

among the best studies of an artist: Mr. Baile has in the present instance availed himself of one of the most pleasing.—No. 1143. *Bluebell*. R. Westmacott, jun. Pretty and playful.—No. 1149. *The Drama*. W. Pitts. A work of high imagination; in which the artist has displayed original invention and taste.—No. 1550. *Painting, a basso-relievo; executed in the library of his grace the Duke of Leeds, under the direction of Mr. W. J. Donthorn*. T. Mace. Tasteful and pleasing.—Of the busts, our limits compel us merely to say, that some of the most striking and characteristic are from the chisels of W. Behnes, S. Joseph, J. Francis, J. Westmacott, jun., S. W. Arnold, C. Davis, R. C. Lucas, E. Davis, S. Clint, P. Park, &c. &c.

Panorama.—The *Isola Bella*, in Mr. Burford's hands, was to be expected to be a beautiful panorama; and a glance at the private view, yesterday, has shewn us that it could hardly be more so. At once faithful, and deliciously coloured, it presents just one of those scenes which refresh the eye and mind in the sultriness of summer, and make the visitor forget the dust and moil of London's crowded streets. The fine forms of the architecture, the coolness of the waters, the enlivening of the boats and groups, and the varied outline of the surrounding mountains, all add charms to this charming production.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Dream of the Bottle, designed by Schroedter; *Vanitas! Vanitatum Vanitas!* designed by Neureuther; lithographed by H. Abbott. Schloss.

FULL of grotesque fancy. To illustrate this piece of drollery, in which the uncorking a bottle by a number of absurd figures, like the opening of Pandora's box, allows a strange fantastic multitude of evils,—lust, madness, riot, rage, folly, &c. &c. &c., to escape, we have a translation of a ballad of Goethe, *Vanitas! Vanitatum Vanitas!* which is set to notes of music of a highly Anacreontic and lively character. The words, too, are so amusing, that we quote them.

"On nothing I my thoughts employ. Hurrah!
The world's to me a world of joy. Hurrah!
And who would be a mate of mine
Must ne'er to pledge with me decline,
While flows one drop of wine.
For wealth and money once I told'd. Hurrah!
But found both joy and courage spoild. Ah, Ah!
Gold all my wishes seemed to pay,
But all that I amased to-day
The morrow threw away!
On women then my mind I set. Hurrah!
But thence could only reap regret. Ah, Ah!
The false one sought another love,
The faithful did insipid prove,
The good no wealth could move!
To travel then I gave my mind. Hurrah!
My country's customs all resign'd. Ah, Ah!
But nothing still brought me delight,
Nor fare by day, nor bed by night;
I could not speak aright.
I turned to honour then, and fame. Hurrah!
Another e'er eclipsed my name. Ah, Ah!
And if, perchance, I did succeed,
Rank envy was the only meed
That was to me decreed.
And then I sought the battle plain. Hurrah!
And triumphs many there did gain. Hurrah!
The foe to us their realms resign'd,
To friends we seldom were more kind—
I left my leg behind.
I now from every care am free. Hurrah!
And all the world belongs to me. Hurrah!
For songs and feasts still remain,
And while the bottle doth contain
One drop, that drop I'll drain!"

These stanzas are also ludicrously illustrated by a grotesque border; and the "Dream of the Bottle" itself is described in English and German verse of whimsical spirit. Altogether,

this trifle is a capital hit for the album and scrap-book.

Syria, The Holy Land, Asia Minor, &c., Illustrated. In a series of views from nature, by W. H. Bartlett, W. Purser, &c., with descriptions of the plates by John Carne, Esq. Part 2. London, Fisher, Son, and Co.

ON the appearance of the first part of this interesting publication, we spoke of the beauty of the plates. Those of the present part, viz., views of "The Village of Eden," "Tarsus," "Junction of a Tributary Stream with the Orontes," and "Antioch from the West," are worthy of their predecessors.

Rubini. Drawn, from life, on stone by F. Salabert. Seguin.

EXECUTED with much taste and freedom.

The Venetian Girl. Painted by John Wood; engraved by Robert Graves. A. Graves. A LUCID and masterly little engraving.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BEGGAR'S CHILD.

OH! give me bread!—this stricken child
Lies famished on my breast;
Though, faint and worn, I sing to him,
Yet cannot give him rest.
He wakes and pines—my wretched boy!
His cry sounds strange and wild;
Alas! sweet sleep is for the rich,
Not for the Beggar's Child!

The children of the great are born

To beauty and to power;
The sun of Hope, and Health, and Life,
Shines on each opening flower;
Yet yon proud mother could not feel
When first her infant smiled,
A love more deep than that which guards
The Beggar's sickly Child!

His boyhood may not know the care
Which trains their youthful mind,
Moulding the intellectual chain

That links them to their kind;
Sights—sounds of guilt—too soon must meet
His spirit undefiled,
And stain the spotless purity
That robes the Beggar's Child!

Ye close your portals when my step
Is on the threshold heard,

And can ye hear, yet pity not,
My baby's lisping word?
His little voice sounds sweet to me,
When, scouted and reviled;
Wistfully, in his mother's face,
Looks up the Beggar's Child!

Yon heir ye hold within your arms,
Nor hunger knows, nor thirst;
'Midst plenty was he early reared—
Oh! not in sorrow nursed!

For him the well-filled board is spread—
For him the hearth is piled—
But poor the meal, and cold the home
That waits the Beggar's Child!

ELEANORA LOUISA MONTAGU.

BIOGRAPHY.

DR. NATHAN DRAKE.

NATHAN DRAKE, M.D., well known as the ingenious and industrious illustrator of our earlier periodical literature, nor less so by numerous essays of his own, was born at York, Jan. 15, 1766. He graduated at Edinburgh in 1789, and—after a short residence at Billericay, in Essex, and at Sudbury, in Suffolk—finally settled, as a physician, at Hadleigh, in the latter

county, in 1792; where he practised forty-four years, and died on the 7th inst. in the seventy-first year of his age.

As a medical practitioner, Dr. Drake was deservedly respected and esteemed by his professional brethren for his courtesy and skill; and yet more endeared to all whom he attended by the urbanity of his manners, and the unaffected kindness of his heart. The former was so uniform towards all persons, and on all occasions, yet so cordial, that even the extreme of politeness in him seemed his very nature; for the overflowing benevolence in which it originated was an ample pledge of its sincerity. Dr. Drake's professional writings are not numerous; though his first essay as an author was a medical treatise, published while he was a resident at Edinburgh. His later contributions to that science consist of papers in different medical periodicals. Of his literary works, by which his name is more generally known, the following is a correct list:—

1. *The Spectator*: a Periodical Paper, written in conjunction with Dr. Edward Ash. 8vo. London, 1790.—2. *Poems*. 4to. London, 1793.—3. *Literary Hours*. First edition. 1 vol. royal 8vo. London, 1793; Fourth edition. 3 vols. 8vo. 1809.—4. *Essays illustrative of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian*. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1805. Second edition, 1812.—5. *Essays illustrative of the Rambler, Adventurer, Idler, and other periodical papers, to the year 1804*. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1804.—6. *The Gleaner*; a Series of Periodical Essays, selected from authors not included in the *British Essayists*. 4 vols. 8vo. London, 1811.—7. *Shakespeare and his Times*. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1817.—8. *Winter Nights*. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. London, 1820.—9. *Evenings in Autumn*. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. London, 1822.—10. *Noontide Leisure*. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. London, 1824.—11. *Mornings in Spring*. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. London, 1826.—12. *Memorials of Shakespeare*. London, 1826.

In addition to the above, Dr. Drake has left a MS. ready for the press,—"*A Selected Version of the Psalms, with copious Notes and Illustrations*;" which will be published by his family. Of these works, the fourth, fifth, and seventh on our list display much refinement of taste, and industry of research. The papers illustrative of our periodical essayists are at once amusing and interesting, from the variety of information they afford, touching that popular department of our national literature; and the "History of Shakespeare and his Times," throws much light on the manners, customs, and amusements, superstitions, poetry, and elegant literature, of that age.

The papers contained in the last eight volumes of *Essays*, from the "Winter Nights," to the "Mornings in Spring," inclusive, are of a very miscellaneous character,—critical, narrative, biographical, and descriptive. They are pleasing and elegant in their style, and evince no inconsiderable delicacy and discrimination of taste, unvarying kindness of heart, and purity of moral feeling. Their most striking characteristics are, perhaps, grace and amenity, rather than force or originality. The amiable character of their author is, in fact, impressed on all his productions; and in that character, as developed and displayed in his writings, exists their greatest charm. As an author, and as a man, Dr. Drake was kindness, courtesy, and candour, personified. In his criticism, he seemed only to look at what was beautiful or pleasing; and in his intercourse with his fellow-creatures, his candour and charity were equally conspicuous. It may, indeed, be said of him with perfect truth, that in a professional and literary career of near half a century, amid all the turmoils of party strife and contentious rivalry, he so "pursued the even tenor of his way," as never to have lost, by estrangement, a single friend, or made one enemy. Nor could a fitter epitaph, perhaps, be found for him than the beautiful lines of the poet:—

"He whom the virtues of a temperate prime,
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or decay;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away:
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears—
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers;
The general favourite, as the general friend,—
Such age was his—and who could wish its end?"

MRS. MACLELLAN.

DIED, at Richmond, on Sunday the 5th inst., Mrs. Maclellan, the authoress of "Sketches of Corfu," "Evenings Abroad," &c. This lady, although only in her twenty-eighth year, had experienced many vicissitudes and afflictions of life. Circumstances induced her to go to Corfu, as instructress to the children of a distinguished family; and, during her residence there, she occupied her leisure in collecting materials for a work, which, on her return home, was published by Messrs. Smith and Elder, of Cornhill. The high encomiums passed on this production, by the critical notices in several of the leading publications, gave it a very deserved popularity; and, throughout the whole of the pages, there is an animation and variety, based on a firm religious feeling, which imperceptibly gives the reader a knowledge of the heart and mind of the writer. Of her vicissitudes in life, one occurred, the pain of which was never removed. Returning from Corfu, an attachment was formed between herself and an officer in his majesty's navy, to whom she was eventually united. Three weeks afterwards he was ordered to join his ship, to proceed to Malta, where in a few months she sailed from Falmouth to rejoin him. On the passage a vessel was met, the captain of which informed her of the death of her beloved husband, who had sunk under an attack of brain-fever of three days' duration. This shock to her feelings, conveyed in the most guarded manner, was too great for even time to remove; and, although naturally of a cheerful disposition, yet, in secret, a deep and settled melancholy was the consequence.

The cause that removed her from this world was the return of a cancerous affection in the lower jaw, for which, some time ago, she underwent a long and painful operation. The last time the writer of this saw her, she was buoyant with a hope that time would fully restore her to society and her many friends. But this was not to be. After many means had been tried, the insidious disease still gained ground, the pain of which she endured with a truly Christian fortitude, when death released her from extreme suffering in this world, for one of joy and peace.—From a Correspondent.

MUSIC.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.

Eighth Concert.—Some musical enthusiasts are epicures, others are cormorants: the Earl of Cawdor unites in his own person both these characters, for not only does he select the choicest music, but he gives such a superabundance of it, that it is impossible for any one but a veritable *fanatico per la musica* to sit out the whole performance without experiencing some degree of lassitude. Now, we do beseech his lordship, for the sake of those very compositions which he knows so well how to admire, to be a little reasonable in the length of his future selections. Nothing can be more injurious to the effect of good music (and the music chosen by Lord Cawdor is always good), than performing it to an audience whose excitement has been exhausted by being on the full stretch for three hours previously. A concert should, if possible, be less—certainly, never more, than three hours long. On this

occasion we had a selection from the music in the *Tempest*—including the fine chorus, "Arise, ye spirits of the storm," and the song, "Come unto these yellow sands." As Purcell had nothing to do with the quartet, "Where the bee sucks," the melody (at least the first part of it) being Arne's, and the other voices, with the second part of the air, we believe, having been added by Jackson of Exeter, this should have been specified in the books. Braham sang, "Deeper and deeper still," as he alone can sing it. Phillips was admirable in the recitative from *Jephthah*, "It must be so;" the song, "Pour forth no more," is rendered somewhat tiresome by the *da capo*. Madame De Beriot was evidently fatigued with her theatrical exertions; notwithstanding which she introduced several *ad libitum* passages, which caused her additional trouble, without giving her auditors additional pleasure. Her songs were, Pergolesi's "O Lord! have mercy," and Bach's "Confuta abandonata;" in both of which she displayed an odd mixture of beauties and defects. Mrs. Bishop achieved a splendid triumph in "Sweet bird," which was accompanied on the flute by Nicholson. For many years a violin has taken the part intended by the composer for the flute in this song. Mrs. Shaw merits much praise for her performance of "Rispondetti vorrei," a composition by Lea; remarkably melodious and graceful for the time when it was written; but, like most of the songs of that era, spoiled by the *da capo*. The short but exquisite chorus, "He sent a thick darkness," was very well performed; and the rest of the concert we must dismiss with general commendation. Q.

SOCIETA ARMONICA.

On Monday evening last, the Societa Armonica held its sixth and final concert at the King's Theatre. The performances, vocal and instrumental, were throughout such as to sustain the reputation which these "soirées musicales" have acquired. Having already noticed "in the order of their going," each of the selections that have been presented, we need only glance (grievingly, in that it is a parting glance) at the more prominent features of the last entertainment. Weber's opening mass in G major, introducing the "Apostle's Creed," was good enough—but, we fear, more than long enough—for the majority of the audience; as, indeed, have been many of the concerted pieces. This may, however, be designed to uphold the scientific character of these "*réunions*," and to inspire a genuine taste for the art. We are therefore content with suggesting it for the consideration of the "controlling department." By the way, Baumann's bassoon was charmingly detected in the solo intervals of this composition. There is one lady who has contributed so efficiently to support the attractions and harmony of these concerts, that she merits especial mention. This is Mlle. Assandri, who, with a purity, richness, and feeling of expression, combines an elegance and modesty of deportment which are really delightful. She sang Donizetti's "Tu non sai," with Rubini, most effectively; and will, doubtless, in a year or two, despite her youthfulness, take "prima donna" rank. Tamburini and Rubini were both in finest voice, and sang the difficult passage, "Se inclinassi," &c. from *L'Italiana*, gloriously indeed. The latter had previously given the sweet cavatina, "Di mia patria," in his best manner; and Tamburini had summoned his warriors "il mondo a conquistare," with soul-exciting energy. The new "Magnificat," by Neukomm, was more worthy

of him than his later productions, and received full justice at the hands of Miss Birch, as well as a most finished obligato accompaniment by Mori. Of the instrumental artists, our own Lindley, Forbes, and Chatterton, respectively gave infinite pleasure. Let us hope, however, that Mr. Forbes intends not to break into Henri Herz's manner; for we assure him that his high merit will be the more conspicuous divested of any affectation or un-Englishisms in fingering. We approve much of printing the words to the airs, and of their untaxed distribution; and will but in kindness hint that the composers look a little to their Latin, *espeit* and *suscepit* not being words of that language. Once more we beg to convey to the director our acknowledgments for the very creditable arrangements which have characterised the present season's course, and shall hail the return of the Society's concerts with unmingled pleasure.

THE annual performance of *The Messiah*, last week, at the Hanover Square Rooms, was attended by the queen and a very numerous party. Phillips was much missed on the evening of Wednesday; and most of the solos on that evening went off more heavily than at the previous rehearsal on Monday morning. We ought, however, particularly to notice Miss Birch, who sang, "If God is for us," in so beautiful a style, as not only to render that dull piece acceptable, but to astonish and delight all who heard her, by the evidence of powers for the possession of which we hardly gave her credit. Mrs. Shaw also sang, "He was despised," in a purer style than on a former occasion, which we noticed. Braham's "Comfort ye" was great; he gives to sacred music the highest dramatic expression. Bennett made the most of "Behold and see," into which he threw much fine feeling. The rest did honour to the singers, but requires no comments.

Bochsa's Concert.—This entertainment was of the most novel and brilliant description; its only fault, and yet it seems hard to complain of having too much of a good thing, was its length. From two o'clock to half past seven, required the patience of a German tragedy. The names of Grisi, Tamburini, Lablache, and Ivanoff, speak for themselves. We shall rather speak of the novelties. One of the most striking was, "The power of imitative music," a concerto by Bochsa, illustrating Collins's Ode; while Sheridan Knowles recited the strophes, and with the deepest feeling. The music was spirited and characteristic. We especially liked the illustration of Hope. We must also warmly praise the "homage to the memory of Bellini;" and the chant, with which it concluded, was splendidly sung. All the sister arts lent their aid. Dancing came next; the *pas galop*, by Mlle. C. Grisi and M. Perrot, and Mlle. St. Romain in the "krakediak." Next succeeded painting; and a series of panoramic views were accompanied by the national melodies of each country. Mr. Bochsa deserved his cordial and crowded audience, by the industry, good taste, and talent, with which he catered for their amusement.

Cipriani Potter's concert took place on Monday last, and received the powerful support of Malibran, who was in delicious voice, of Clara Novello, and a great display of instrumental talent. A recitative and air by M. Kroff, received warm applause; so did Mr. Potter's own concerto from Beethoven, who would have rejoiced over such a performance. Ivanhoff, in "Come lieto," was delightful; and the duet

between Moscheles and Potter was a musical triumph.

Madame Castelli and Signor Calveri's concert, at the King's Theatre, was also a rich treat; embracing the great majority of the highest musical talent now in London. The programme was, we regret to notice, so ill observed as to lead to much confusion; though there was enough of excellence to satisfy the most avaricious of music.

Ole Bull's concert on Wednesday was altogether so admirable, and he is justly rising so high in public favour, that we agree, with the *Times*, though announced as the *last*, it cannot, ought not, and must not be his last concert. We have heard, however, that he has very tempting solicitations from the provinces.

On Thursday, the Misses Essex gave their annual concert, which did credit to their talents, and was well attended. Admirably instructed by their father, Dr. Essex, we know no musicians more deserving of public favour and encouragement.

DRAMA.

Drury Lane.—Mr. Paumier not having arrived in town, being indisposed in person or purse, it became necessary to close this national theatre on Saturday! "The unrivalled Malibran" toils on other nights to earn her hundred guineas, by sustaining the *Siege of Rochelle* and the *Maid of Artois*.

Covent Garden.—A new operatic romance was produced on Monday, and has run ever since with much applause. The music is by Mr. Rodwell; and with song, dance, and scenery, has, we hear, made the drama very popular with good audiences.

English Opera.—Another striking and very successful novelty has been produced here by Mr. Bernard. It is entitled, the *Farmer's Story*; and relates to three periods of life, — in the first, where the parties are poor, but happy; in the second, rich, but vicious and wretched; and in the third, reduced to despair and guilt, which brings down, by a dramatic interposition, a not harrowing *dénouement*. The serious male parts are very ably sustained by Messrs. Serle, Perkins, and Hemming; those of comic or grotesque character, by Wrench, Oxberry, Romer; and the great female interest is concentrated in Mrs. Keeley, who displays pathetic powers of the most touching nature in her performance of the heroine.

Strand Theatre.—Pheasant Shooting has begun here on the 13th of June; and, though so much before the usual time, we cannot say that it is out of season, or that the licence has been broken through. On the contrary, it is a laughable and amusing burlesque, in which Mrs. Nisbett, Miss Ferguson, Miss Daly, Mrs. Hammond, shine in the petticoat line, while the manly sports are ably sustained by Forester, Hammond, and others.

VARIETIES.

Fossil Tree.—A fossil tree, resembling that in Craighleith Quarry, near Edinburgh, has been discovered in a quarry in the centre of the town of Bradford, thirty feet below the surface of the earth. The outer bark is knotted, and the inner grain of the wood very distinct; the diameter about four feet, and the indication of roots extensive.

Encouragement of Travelling and Science in Sweden.—We learn from the Frankfort journals, that the Swedish government gives great encouragement to all foreigners of every nation who visit that country. Fishing and hunting

are opened to such as love these sports; and a congress of those who take delight in literature and science is expected to be held next month at Tornea, at which the prince royal will be present.

Ashmolean Society. The president in the chair.—Dr. Daubeny exhibited a specimen of a stock (*cheiranthus cheiri*), in which the stamens were converted into pistils: a curious example of vegetable metamorphosis. Mr. Tancred read a paper on the rules to be observed in taking observations respecting temperature, and on the differences of climate arising from situation, height above the sea, and other circumstances which modify the sun's influence. He concluded with some suggestions for the advancement of meteorology, which the co-operation of members of the Society would be requisite to carry into effect; and particularly recommended that an hourly register of meteorological phenomena should be made in Oxford, on those four days of the year (one of which occurs on the 21st of the present month), which Sir John Herschel has suggested should be set apart for contemporaneous observations, of this description, in various parts of the world. Dr. Buckland afterwards gave an account of a fossil ruminating animal, called the *sivatherium*, approaching the elephant in size, lately discovered in the Sivalic or sub-Himalayan range of hills, between the Jumna and the Ganges. The jaw of this animal is twice as large as that of a buffalo, and larger than that of a rhinoceros. The front of the skull is remarkably wide, and retains the bony cones of two short, thick, and straight horns, similar in position to those of the four-horned antelope of Hindostan. The nasal bones are salient in a degree without example among ruminants, and exceeding, in this respect, those of the rhinoceros, tapir, and palæotherium, the only herbivorous animals that have this sort of structure. Hence there is no doubt that the *sivatherium* was invested with a trunk like the tapir. Dr. Falconer and Captain Courtney have published a detailed description of this animal, as a new fossil ruminant genus, which fills up an important blank in the interval between the ruminantia and pachydermata. The remains of the *sivatherium* were accompanied by those of the fossil elephant, mastodon, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, several ruminantia, &c.—*Oxford Herald*.

Steam-Plough.—The newspapers give an account of a very powerful steam-plough, constructed by Mr. Heathcoat, member for Tiverton; experiments with which have been most successfully tried at Red Moss, near Bolton, in Lancashire.

Colosseum.—The Colosseum is now in full force; and both the afternoon and night's entertainments attract, as their novelty and merits well deserve they should, full and fashionable audiences. What with real Arabs (those advertised elsewhere being all fictitious imitations), and wooden Paganinis, and other marvels and delights, these exhibitions may be reckoned a new source of London pleasures.

Table of Duties paid in America on Books.—In the English language, in boards or sheets, 26 cts. per lb.; in ditto, bound, 30 cts.; in Greek and Latin, half the above rates; in modern languages of Europe, 4 cts. per vol.; in Hebrew and Oriental languages, 4 cts. per vol.; all printed prior to 1776, 4 cts. per vol.—*American Booksellers' Advertiser*.

Table of American Publications in the Year 1835, exclusive of Pamphlets, Periodicals, and New Editions.—The first column shows the

original American works; the second, foreign works reprinted.

Subjects.	Amer.	For.	Total.
Biography.....	19	11	30
History.....	4	8	12
Voyages and Travels.....	12	11	23
Statistics—Commerce.....	9	2	11
Theology—Divinity.....	20	22	42
Religion and Domestic Duties.....	15	13	28
Miscellany.....	24	10	34
Annals.....	10	0	10
Ethics—Politics.....	5	3	8
Law.....	9	3	12
Medicine, Surgery, &c.....	6	5	11
Sciences and Arts.....	15	8	23
Novels and Tales.....	31	33	64
Poetry.....	7	12	19
Education.....	60	15	75
Juveniles.....	22	17	39
	268	173	441

441 books, or 547 different volumes: averaging 1000 to each edition, makes a total of 547,000 volumes printed in the United States for the first time during one year, exclusive of pamphlets, periodicals, and repeated editions. This is only so far as actually ascertained; and is, of course, within bounds. 547 editions of 1000, cost, say \$400 each, requiring an investment of \$218,800; and new editions, &c. would swell the amount to at least \$350,000 invested in the publishing business alone, in one year. One item is remarkable in this table—the great increase of novels, especially original ones, since 1834. Thirty-one new American novels, it seems, were issued for the first time in 1835! and school-books in similar abundance. Another interesting fact is the increase in the proportion of original works: in 1833 there were one-third more foreign than original; in 1835 the proportion was more than reversed. This would seem to indicate that we are rapidly forming our own literature, especially in the more useful and solid branches, and almost exclusively in that of education.—*Ibid*.

Vauxhall.—These gardens have opened with many and considerable improvements; and, after the first evening, the weather has been propitious for their various entertainments, till last night's rain.

Fossil Remains.—Some curious specimens have been found in the railroad excavations near Chalk Farm; consisting of a petrified crab, and some beautiful and quite transparent crystals, with vegetable fibres and minute insects embedded in them.—*Daily Papers*.

Royal Wit.—At the late dinner to the Jockey Club, given by his majesty, Lord Westminster was boasting of Touchstone, and offering to back him for a large sum against any thing that could be named in the field; "I accept the challenge," said the king, "and will name to beat him by a *neck*." The match was concluded, and his majesty, called upon to name his favourite, amidst a roar of laughter, named "*The Giraffe*!"

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Colburn, on recommencing business as a publisher in London, announces a new novel by the author of "*Mothers and Daughters*," called "*Female Domination*."

We are also promised immediately, from the same quarter, "*The Diary of a Désenuyée*."

A new Magazine, we are glad to see, is about to make its appearance at Sydney, under the title of the "*Australian Magazine*," to be conducted by Mr. F. Stephen, brother of our Attorney General.—*Hobart Town Paper*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

A Popular View of the Progress of Philosophy, by J. T. Smith, 12mo. 8s. cloth.—Female Improvement, by Mrs. John Sandford, 2 vols. fcap 8vo. 12s. cloth.—The Valley of the Clusone; a Tale, as related by the Carlsman d'Andilli, 3d edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cloth.—Geological Sketch of the Tertiary Formation in Spain, by C. Silvertop, 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.—Goethe's Faust, in German, with English Notes, 18mo. 5s. cloth.—The Rhemish Album; or, Scraps from the Rhine, post 8vo. 12s. 6d.; or 15s. coloured.—Supplement to Evans's Collection of

Statutes, by T. C. Granger, 2 vols. 8vo. 2s. 2s. — On the Antidote to the Treatment of the Epidemic Cholera, by J. Purkin, 8vo. 5s. cloth. — The Annual Register; or, a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the Year 1835, 8vo. 15s. bds. — Family Commentary on the New Testament, a new edition, in 2 vols. 8vo. 21s. cloth. — Sermons on various Subjects, by the Rev. W. Proctor, 12mo. 7s. bds. — Histoire de France du Pape Louis, par M. de Calcutt, 12mo. 4s. hf. bd. — Meetings for Amusing Knowledge; or, the Happy Valley, by Miss Wood, 12mo. 5s. 6d.; or 6s. 6d. coloured. — Hagemester's Report on the Commerce of the Black Sea, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds. — Walker's Beauty in Women, illustrated by Howard, royal 8vo. 11s. 6d. bds. — The Principles of Perspective, with 57 Lithographic Figures, by Wm. Rider, 8vo. 7s. 6d. cloth. — Chambers's Rudiments of Chemistry, 1s. stitched; or 1s. 4d. cloth. — The Apostolic Ministry and the Question of its Restoration, by J. W. Etheridge, 12mo. 3s. cloth. — Winkles's Illustrations of Cathedrals, Vol. I. imperial 8vo. 21s.; royal 4to. proofs, 2s. 2s. cloth. — Anecdotes and Annals of the Deaf and Dumb, by C. E. H. Owen, M.D. 10s. cloth.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1836.

June.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday... 9	From 49 to 66	29.65 to 29.73
Friday... 10	53	29.74
Saturday... 11	53	29.71
Sunday... 12	43	29.97
Monday... 13	44	30.17
Tuesday... 14	51	30.17
Wednesday 15	45	29.90

Prevailing winds, S.W. and S. by E. Generally clear, except the mornings of the 9th and two following days; raining heavily on the evening of the 10th and morning of the 11th; lightning in the south, from 9 till 10, on the evening of the 15th.

Rain fallen, .175 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.
Latitude..... 51° 37' 32" N.
Longitude..... 3 51, W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society. May 1836.

Thermometer—Highest.....	73.50	the 17th.
Lowest.....	28.50	10th.
Mean.....	48.50	16th.
Barometer—Highest.....	30.32	the 14th.
Lowest.....	29.44	5th.
Mean.....	29.92	16th.

Number of days of rain, 3.

Quantity of rain, in inches and decimals, 0.75625.

Winds—6 East—1 West—14 North—0 South—5 North-east—0 South-east—2 South-west—3 North-west.

General Observations.—Only three times during the month did rain fall, viz. on the 4th, 20th, and 23d; and the whole quantity was very little more than three quarters of an inch, which almost all fell on the first-mentioned day; the barometer was, as might have been expected, uncommonly high, the mean being much higher than any one, in the same month, during the last thirteen years, and the maximum has been exceeded only once in that time; but the temperature was low, the mean being below any in the period referred to, and the minimum was lower than any one, in the corresponding month, since 1831. The wind for twenty-two days blew from the northerly quarter of the compass. The eclipse, which happened on the 15th, was seen under circumstances more than usually favourable. A few minutes before it commenced some light clouds collected and obscured the sun; but, from that time to the end of the eclipse, not a cloud was seen. At 1h 51m P.M. the eclipse had begun, the barometer standing at 30.28, and the thermometer, in the shade, at 70° 50'. A second thermometer, placed in the sun's rays, indicated 78°; this last thermometer continued falling from 2h 20m until 3h 30m, the period of the greatest obscuration, when it had fallen to 65°. At 3h 30m it began to rise, and, by the time the eclipse was over, had reached to 73° 75'; the thermometer in the shade, which fell only three degrees, did not rise again all the afternoon. The barometer was but little affected, falling but one-hundredth of an inch, and remaining steady at that depression until the next morning. The planet Venus was seen by the naked eye, the tulips closed their cups, and the poultry went to roost; but came out again when the gloom had disappeared.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Delta deserves approbation for his effort, which does credit to youthful poetry. Though we do not publish it, we would not encourage one who has ideas of his own, and is not a mere rhymester.

We cannot find a place for T. H. Manchester, though interesting and touching.

To "One of the Gulls," we mean answer, that the absurd paper about Sir John Herschel's discoveries in the moon was a mistake; of moonshine; a hoax concocted out of "Peter Wilkins," and other equally authentic scientific publications.

ERRATA.—In our last No. p. 379, col. 1, l. 39 and 46, for *Solons read Solons*; same page, col. 2, l. 3, for *Amis read Omnia*; and same page and col. 1, l. 33 from the bottom, for *Chaucure read Chaucours*.

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